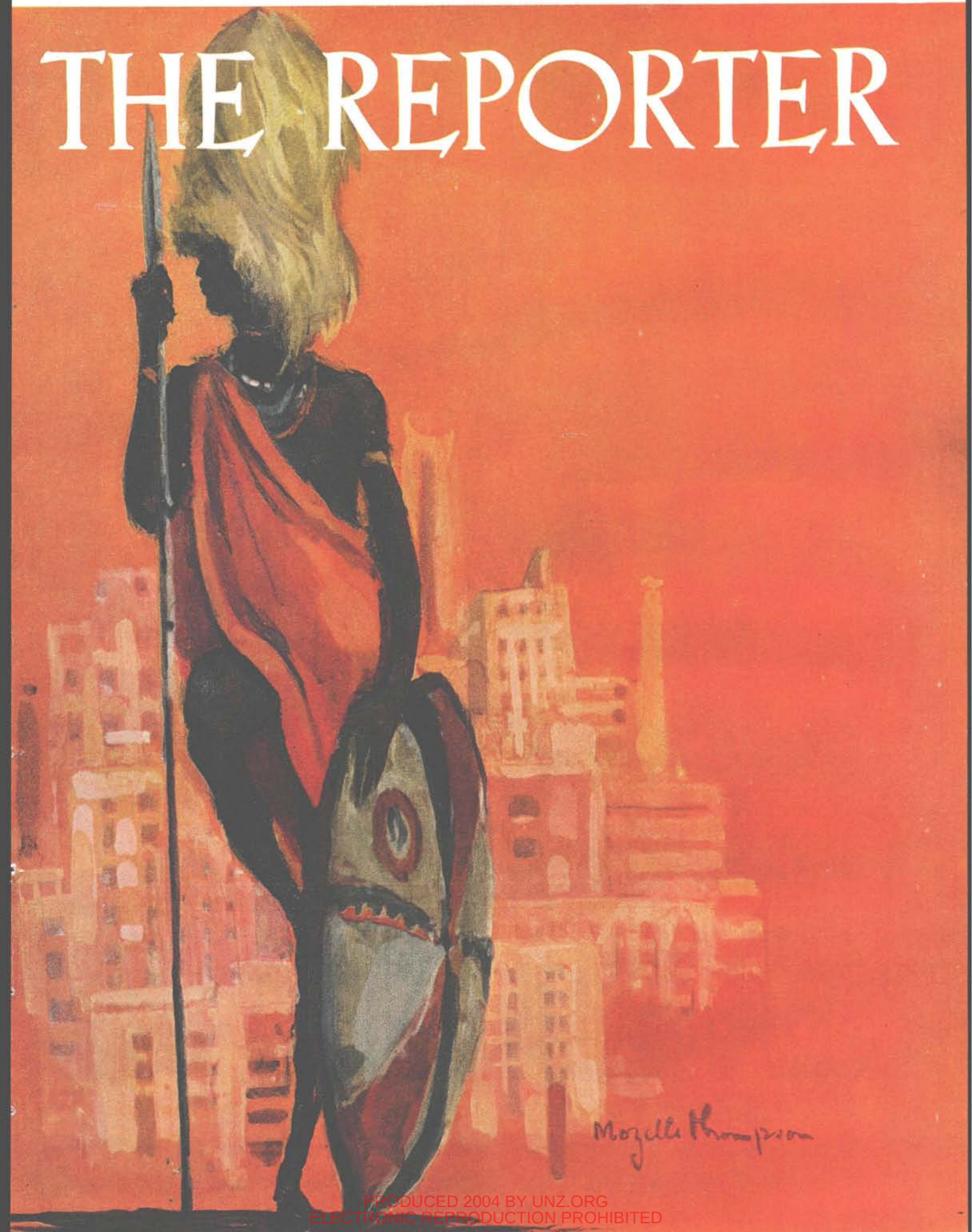
The Atom's Poisonous Garbage

March 17, 1960 25¢

AFRICA: 'THE WINDS OF CHANGE'

THE REPORTER



PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

[IRISH WHISKEY COUNTER (OR BAR) SPY REPORT FORM]

PADDY

POWER'S GOLD LABEL

OLD BUSHMILLS

JOHN JAMESON

TULLAMORE DEW

DUNPHY'S ORIGINAL IRISH

GILBEY'S CROCK O' GOLD

MURPHY'S

The Whiskey Distillers of Ireland, P. O. Box 186R, Dublin. (*Postage: Airmail 15c; by surface 8c*)

Gentlemen:

Using the above catalogue as my guide, I have lurked about the public house (or whiskey store) known as:

NAME_____ ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ STATE_____

I asked for:
- ( ) *Just "Irish Whiskey"*
- ( ) *Gilbey's Crock O'Gold*
- ( ) *John Jameson*
- ( ) *Power's Gold Label*
- ( ) *Paddy*
- ( ) *Dunphy's Original Irish*
- ( ) *Old Bushmills*
- ( ) *Tullamore Dew*
- ( ) *Murphy's*

They had:
- ( ) *Gilbey's Crock O'Gold*
- ( ) *John Jameson*
- ( ) *Power's Gold Label*
- ( ) *Paddy*
- ( ) *Dunphy's Original Irish*
- ( ) *Old Bushmills*
- ( ) *Tullamore Dew*
- ( ) *Murphy's*

( ) I don't mind if you use my name; ( ) I would rather you didn't use my name.

NAME_____ ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ STATE_____

P.S. If I call on any more stores or bars I will write the information out on a plain piece of paper.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

VOL. III Nº II

Continued: A Short Treatise on Irish Whiskey in America

LAVISHLY ILLUSTRATED

YOU TOO CAN BE A COUNTER SPY.

FROM time to time we [[The Whiskey Distillers of Ireland]] receive reports from those who, thirst-frenzied by our burnished, emphatic accounts of Irish Whiskey, have sprinted to the Whiskey store or bar to sample the eight grand brands. But when they got there the cupboard, while not exactly bare, had only five or six of them or three or four or sometimes two or one; and in one dreadful instance the poor creature found none at all. Now, this would seem to be easily remedied, wouldn't it? One might suppose that all one needed do was ask: "Will you ever mind putting in an adequate selection of Irish Whiskies?" Or even: "Would you ever be so kind as to keep so-and-so brand in supply?" No, we understand this simple stratagem does not work and you are better off saving your breath. Oh, the man will order a particular bottle for you and be happy, indeed he will, but he will not grant it permanent place on his shelves; not for just one person. It is something like the story of the cafe whose boast it was they served any meat in the world so a man came in and asked for an elephant cutlet and the waiter said he was sorry but the man surely couldn't expect them to kill their elephant for just one chop. Well, how many requests does it take? We do not know how many for elephants but in the case (or bottle) of whiskey we are given to understand the magic number is *three*. Presumably on receiving his third request for such-and-such a brand the man at the Whiskey store or bar will telephone his supplier with singular haste, particularly if you are adamant. How to put this intelligence to use? We suppose you could form into teams of three and synchronize your watches. Or, if you prefer the lone game, don false beard, smoked glasses, etc. and go around thrice yourself. This is chancey and if you are caught burnished-handed we shall, of course, blandly deny everything. However, should you care to work directly with us we would very much appreciate your going underground for the moment to provide us with some sorely-needed and specific information. If, your next trip to the pub or Whiskey store, you will kindly fill in the form on the page facing and mail it to us at Dublin we shall follow-through. Ah, please do not think we are proposing this lightly; in truth there is no other way at all for us to obtain such precise "consumer data", as they say. Yes, your efforts will be of great service to us and we thank you.

© 1960, THE WHISKEY DISTILLERS OF IRELAND

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE REPORTER'S NOTES

After Fort Sumter

For the crowds who flock to the Senate gallery daily to behold the most genuine filibuster to take place in many a year, the spectacle is surely a keen disappointment. The senators, having forsaken logic, appear also to have forsaken the dignity and much else that customarily characterizes their way of going about their business.

Like the three blind men and the elephant, a lot depends on which portion of the anatomy one happens to get hold of. For hours on end the show seems to consist of a small cluster of bedraggled men sustaining one another in barely audible monotones amidst the vast emptiness of the Senate chamber. Intermittently, a quorum call brings relief to the tedium, flushing other bleary-eyed senators from the hundred nooks and crannies of the Capitol. Once in a long while, a sudden parliamentary inquiry or a motion made without forewarning brings the leaders on the run and indicates that wit, too, has briefly entered the chamber.

Yet there is drama in this filibuster, in which a self-entrapped minority clashes against a majority's determination. There is an element of wasted greatness in a man like Richard Russell (D., Georgia), leader of the eighteen, who devotes his high talents to so sad a cause. We say deliberately that the cause is a sad one—not simply because it is hopeless: in our lifetime we have fought for many lost causes, and would do so again. Among the seventeen other Southern senators lined up with Russell there are some demagogues, but there are also men who are utterly dedicated to the betterment of our nation. Yet these men are politicians, and if they want to succeed in politics they know that they have no alternative but to follow the wishes of their constituencies. The important question now, the cause of the filibuster, is, When will these constituencies include that group which for reasons of race alone presently goes unrepresented?

Should the cause for which these men are fighting prevail, they would have little or no chance to be returned to the Senate, for the demagogues in their section of the country are on the rampage. Their seats would be taken by the Faubuses. Should the constituencies they represent come to include larger and larger sections of Negro voters, as they will, the position of these men would be equally untenable.

Some of the most high-minded and skillful of our senators who happen to come from the South are made expendable by a Civil War that was fought a hundred years ago.

THE PERILS OF PURITY

"*A dearth of germs may be helping Americans grow larger from generation to generation . . .*

"*The ultra-clean mice, however, proved abnormally susceptible to illness . . .*"—*New York* Times.

Wrap the bread in cellophane,
Seal the spinach tight,
Sterilize the fruit and grain,
Purge the parasite.
Let the cheese be rid of worms,
The lettuce free of lice:
A race of giants without germs
Is our pride—and price.

We grow big from eating clean,
Little men grow tough;
Eating dirty, eating lean,
They eat germs enough
To keep a fighting host inside,
While sanitary we
Succumb to any bug, denied
The natural remedy.

Moral: Live in peace with bugs
Or grow big (and weak) with drugs.

—SEC

The Reversible Ally

The flurry over military negotiations between West Germany and Spain will do some good only if it results in some sustained thinking about the present state of NATO. As a full-fledged member of NATO, West Germany has assumed military obligations whose nonfulfillment would provide cause for criticism. These obligations require space for maneuvers and supplies that, as NATO Supreme Commander Lauris Norstad has agreed, constitutes a "military problem" for West Germany owing to its "limited territory," already preempted by British and U.S. bases.

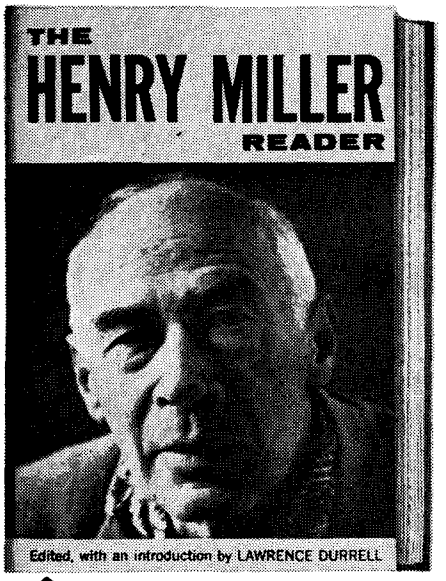
Thus General Norstad himself was not unaware of the problem. But NATO *in its existing form as a loose* military coalition of sovereign powers was not capable of doing much about it except to counsel the Germans to negotiate with other NATO countries and to hope for the best. Thus West Germany carried on negotiations with several NATO countries, including France, Belgium, and the Netherlands. What is most striking about the situation is that these negotiations were *bilateral.* They were conducted with the blessing of the NATO Supreme Command, but the results would not have been much different had NATO not been in existence. These negotiations were an exercise in old-fashioned diplomacy; the high military and civilian officials of NATO could only look on them helplessly—or pretend not to see them.

The whole business seems to show the fragility of the present setup in NATO. For a West Germany that could not arrive at a concerted military understanding with its neighboring allies could hardly make use of bases in Spain in case of necessity. The whole concept of this type of bilateral negotiations in Western Europe makes no military or political sense.

It is a pity to have to conclude

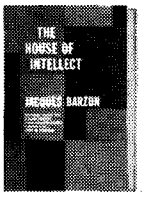
THE REPORTER, March 17, 1960, Volume 22, No. 6. Second-class postage paid at New York, New York, and at Dayton, Ohio. Published every other Thursday except for omission of two summer issues by The Reporter Magazine Company, 660 Madison Avenue, New York 21, N. Y. © 1960 by The Reporter Magazine Company. All rights reserved under Pan-American Copyright Convention. Subscription prices, United States, Canada, U.S. Possessions and Pan American Union: One year $6, Two years $9.50, Three years $12. All other countries: One year $7, Two years $11.50, Three years $15. Please give four weeks' notice when changing address, giving old and new address. **Send notice of undelivered copies on Form 3579 to: The Reporter, McCall St., Dayton 1, Ohio.** Indexed in *Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature* and *Public Affairs Information Service.*

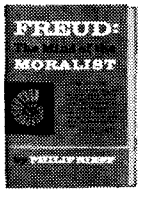
PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

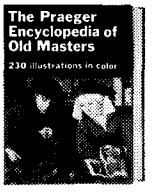


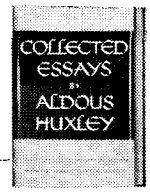
EXCLUSIVE* WITH THE MARBORO BOOK CLUB—ANY 3 FOR 2.95 with membership

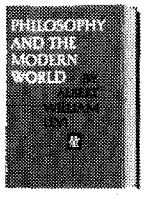
Includes writings from his TROPIC OF CANCER, BLACK SPRING, and other works banned in America

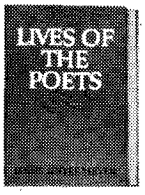












YOURS FOR LESS THAN A DOLLAR EACH. Up to $23.95 worth of books for $2.95 (and *such* books). For example, there's Sir Herbert Read's monumental study of modern painting (a Marboro Book Club exclusive)...and the eagerly-awaited, widely-acclaimed HENRY MILLER READER.

Henry Miller—storm-center of censorship and controversy for 30 years—is known throughout the world as one of the great voices of American literature.

In his own country he has been elected to the august American Institute of Arts and Letters. Yet the works that brought him his greatest honors have long been banned here.

Today, when enlightened opinion has made possible the publication of such modern classics as *Lolita* and *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, it is fitting that a representative collection of Henry Miller's work be made available to discerning readers in America.

"ONE OF THE GREAT LIBERATING CONFESSIONS OF OUR AGE"—*Malcolm Cowley.* Here at last is the best of Henry Miller, THE HENRY MILLER READER, edited and introduced by Lawrence Durrell, the exciting author of *Justine* and *Balthazar*. It contains major writings from his most important works (including those unavailable in America)—*Tropic of Cancer, Sexus, Black Spring, The World of Sex,* the complete texts of many other works, and a new story, *Berthe,* never published anywhere before.

To read THE HENRY MILLER READER is to understand why H. L. Mencken answered critics who accused Miller of pornography by saying "His is one of the most beautiful prose styles today."

* 485 illustrations 100 magnificent plates in full color.

A CONCISE HISTORY OF MODERN PAINTING
By Sir Herbert Read

Probably the most informative book ever written about the new world of art that our century has created. Named as a selection of the Marboro Book Club by *exclusive* arrangement with the publishers in London and New York.

Anyone who has seen this notable book will tell you it is worth every penny of its $6.50 bookstore price, yet it is yours for *less than a dollar* if you wish to select it now as part of this Introductory offer from the Marboro Book Club.

A SELECT CIRCLE OF READERS. To demonstrate the values that you can expect from the MARBORO BOOK CLUB, we offer you any 3 books on this page (including THE HENRY MILLER READER if you wish) for less than half of what you would otherwise pay for the HENRY MILLER READER alone. This is no ordinary offer; but then, this is no ordinary book club.

SAVE 50% ON BOOKS ALL YEAR! Like a cooperative, the MARBORO BOOK CLUB enables readers who share the same discerning tastes to *pool* their *purchasing power*—and thereby save an average of *one-half* on books they would otherwise purchase at full price. With each four selections (or alternates) accepted at the low Members' Prices, you receive a Bonus Volume of your choice at no additional charge.

REACH FOR A PENCIL NOW and check off the three books you want to own for less than a dollar each. You'll save as much as $21.00 on regular bookstore prices, so act fast while this exclusive offer lasts.

NO MONEY NEED BE SENT WITH COUPON

☐ **THE STATUS SEEKERS.** By Vance Packard, author of The Hidden Persuaders. The best-selling exploration of class behavior in America. *List Price $4.50*

☐ **THE *NEW* GOLDEN BOUGH.** By Sir James G. Frazer. Ed. by Theodor H. Gaster. Completely revised and newly annotated in the light of new anthropological discoveries. "Enables one to appreciate Frazer anew." —**Clyde Kluckhohn.** *List Price $8.50*

☐ **COLLECTED ESSAYS BY ALDOUS HUXLEY.** The author of Brave New World at his witty and shocking best—on sex, art, psychoanalysis, narcotics, the whole range of human folly and endeavor. *List Price $5.00*

☐ **PRETEXTS BY ANDRE GIDE.** Ed. by Justin O'Brien. "The quintessence of Gide. His essays, aphorisms, portraits, prefaces and imaginary interviews available in English for the first time."—**N. Y. Times.** *List Price $5.00*

☐ **FREUD: THE MIND OF THE MORALIST.** By Philip Rieff. A revelation of Freud's thought on human morality—from sexual ethics to religion. 400 pages. *List Price $6.00*

☐ **OF LOVE AND LUST.** By Theodor Reik. Freud's most famous pupil analyzes the hidden nature of masculinity and femininity. *List Price $7.50*

☐ **PHILOSOPHY AND THE MODERN WORLD.** By Albert William Levi. A brilliant analysis of the dilemma of modern man as exemplified in 16 outstanding thinkers of our time—among them Sartre, Russell, Einstein, Dewey, Whitehead, Freud, Veblen, Toynbee and Lenin. *List Price $7.50*

☐ **LIVES OF THE POETS.** By Louis Untermeyer. From Chaucer to Dylan Thomas—the intimate lives of the 133 men and women whose genius, passions, and vices created 1,000 years of poetry in the English language. *List Price $7.95*

☐ **A CONCISE HISTORY OF MODERN PAINTING.** By Sir Herbert Read. From **Cezanne** to **Picasso** and **Pollock.** "Copiously and discerningly illustrated to aid us in understanding one of the great developments of our times."—**Howard Devree.** 495 plates, 100 in full color. *List Price $7.50*

☐ **THE HENRY MILLER READER.** Edited by Lawrence Durrell. The best of Miller, including writings from banned works such as Tropic of Cancer. "One of the most beautiful prose styles today."—**H. L. Mencken.** *List Price $6.50*

☐ **THE HOUSE OF INTELLECT.** Jacques Barzun's witty, merciless new book about the Sacred Cows of *American Culture.* *List Price $5.00*

☐ **THE PRAEGER ENCYCLOPEDIA OF OLD MASTERS.** By Joachim Fernau. Illustrated with 230 plates in full color, this volume covers the entire field of Old Master painting, from Cimabue and Giotto to Blake and Goya. *List Price $6.75*

MARBORO BOOK CLUB
131 Varick Street, New York 13, N. Y.

You may enroll me as a new member of the Marboro Book Club. Please send me the THREE books checked at the left at only $2.95 plus shipping for all three. Forthcoming selections and alternates will be described to me in a Monthly Advance Bulletin and I may decline any book simply by returning the printed form always provided. I agree to buy as few as four additional books (or alternates) at the reduced Members' Price during the next twelve months; and I may resign at any time thereafter. I will receive a free BONUS BOOK for every four additional books I accept.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ ZONE____ STATE_____

☐ I enclose $2.95 (Books will be sent postpaid).

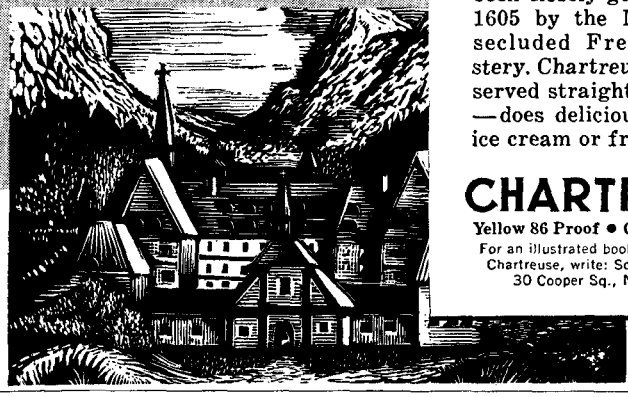
MR-580

GUARANTEE: If you are not completely satisfied with this SPECIAL OFFER, you may return the books within 7 days and your membership will be cancelled.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE SECRET OF

Chartreuse



The only thing known about Chartreuse is that *you'll like it!* The secret recipe of this liqueur has been closely guarded since 1605 by the Monks in a secluded French monastery. Chartreuse is superb served straight or over ice —does delicious things to ice cream or fruit.

CHARTREUSE

Yellow 86 Proof • Green 110 Proof

For an illustrated booklet on the story of Chartreuse, write: Schieffelin© & Co., 30 Cooper Sq., N.Y., Dept. BB

BACK IN PRINT AFTER FIFTEEN YEARS

A DICTIONARY OF AMERICAN ENGLISH

ON HISTORICAL PRINCIPLES

Edited by

Sir William A. Craigie and James R. Hulbert

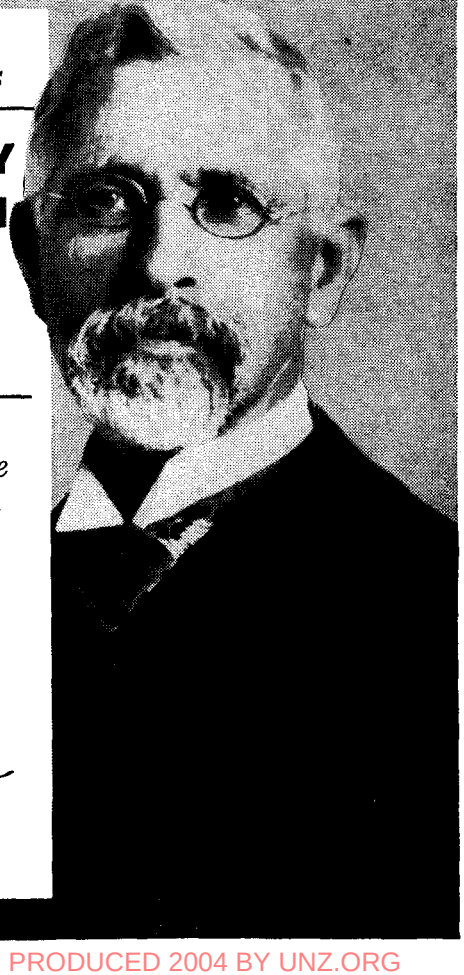
The only complete etymological dictionary of the *American* language, reissued by popular demand and at *no increase in price.*

4 volumes • 2,552 pages
8½ x 11" • $100 the set

UNIVERSITY OF Chicago PRESS

5750 Ellis Avenue, Chicago 37, Illinois

IN CANADA: *The University of Toronto Press, Toronto 5, Ontario*



that, as happens only too frequently, a major share of responsibility lies with our government. But it is a fact that the greatest strength in NATO lies with us, and so does responsibility for whatever happens or fails to happen in NATO. The recent declarations of U.S. Ambassador Walter Dowling in Bonn must have been a great relief to hard-pressed Defense Minister Franz Josef Strauss. Mr. Dowling's pronouncements have not strengthened unity among the NATO nations, but they have been a formal announcement that NATO, weak and divided as it is, has acquired a sort of semi-partner or fellow traveler: Franco Spain. In this capacity, Spain is now available to all the other NATO powers, as it has been to us since 1953—at no small cost. In the course of the Second World War, Generalissimo Franco gave abundant evidence of his unmatched skill at sneaking out of the engagements he makes with major powers.

Ghosts Beware

We were alarmed to learn, through a series of articles, in the New York *World Telegram & Sun*, that some college students have been paying professional ghost writers to take examinations, prepare term papers, and even produce copiously footnoted Ph.D. theses. The business is apparently so highly organized that a C-minus student can buy a C-plus paper in order to avoid arousing his professor's suspicion.

It seems to us that it is of the utmost importance for young people to undergo the discipline of doing their own thinking and writing. After all, the boy who is called upon to write a term paper about the Smoot-Hawley Tariff today may become the man who must determine the nation's trade policies tomorrow as a senator, a member of the Cabinet, or even President. If he has not developed in youth the intellectual integrity that comes from doing his own research, reaching intelligent conclusions about the facts, and setting down his ideas cogently on paper, how can he be expected in maturity, when he becomes a high government official or a candidate for high office, to understand the speeches his ghost writers hand him?

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

3 EXTRAORDINARY BOOKS FOR ONLY $1 EACH

Offered To You On Behalf Of Three Extraordinary Critics

Tay we call your attention to some of the new and superior books being offered by **The Tid-Century Book Society? Mid-Century's** books are not chosen anonymously and offered y the pound. We believe that **Mid-Century's** astonishing success can be attributed in large ıeasure to the three writers and critics—W. H. Auden, Jacques Barzun, and Lionel Trilling—ho themselves selected the books below from among many hundreds as most deserving of place in the library of the reader who *discriminates*, whose reading hours are too few to waste n works of merely *temporary* interest. Quite simply, **Mid-Century's** selections are books that re likely to last. They come to you at savings that can total 50% or more. And the books are elivered by the postman to your door. Moreover, each book is reviewed in advance, and uite candidly, in **THE MID-CENTURY** magazine, which, we are told, is one of the most leasurable benefits of membership in the **Society.** It is sent to you free. After receiving your ıitial choice of books, you need accept as few as four selections a year to enjoy the prices nd privileges of membership. It is one measure of **Mid-Century's** success that so many people ıstinguished for their own work in the arts and culture have elected to join the **Society.** If ou do not yet belong, won't you accept our invitation to do so now? We shall be pleased to nd you any three of the truly fine books below for only $1 each as your introduction to **Tid-Century.** We look forward to welcoming you.

HE MANSION *by William aulkner.* The newest novel by master storyteller the Lon- on Times calls "the greatest merican novelist of our cen- ury." A fateful drama told ith compassion and humor. 4.75.

HE HENRY MILLER READER. merican censorship has pre- ented many of Henry Miller's ooks from being published. he moral importance of his ritings is acknowledged by ll who have had a chance to now them. $6.50.

HE PORTRAIT OF ZELIDE *by eoffrey Scott.* The New York imes says: "A modern bio- raphical classic . . . written by master of English prose." As ntrancing as its subject, the rilliant and adorable woman ho was the great love of Ben- min Constant. $3.50.

USTINE and BALTHAZAR. (*a ual selection*) *by Lawrence Durrell. Justine's* epigraph is y Freud: "I am accustoming yself to the idea of regarding very sexual act as a process which four persons are in- olved." $7.00.

HE MIND OF AN ASSASSIN *y Isaac Don Levine.* The re- arkable narrative of an extra- rdinary criminal, the man who illed Leon Trotsky with a ickax. It reveals the terrifying ersonal history of a Soviet gent. $4.50.

HE SHOCK OF RECOGNITION *dited by Edmund Wilson.* his now famous work resents the opinions of the reat American writers about ach other. Original essays, nemoirs, diaries and letters. 6.50.

HEY HANGED MY SAINTLY ILLY *by Robert Graves.* "My ovel is full of sex, drink, in- est, suicides, dope, horse rac- ıg, murder, a scandalous legal rocedure, and ends with a ood public hanging attended y 30,000 *** Nobody can now all me a specialized writer." 4.50.

A TREASURE CHEST OF TALES. Marvelous stories, for children 8 or older, 25 items in all, in- cluding 5 full-length books. A volume adults also can read with pleasure. $4.95.

THE SIEGE AT PEKING *by Peter Fleming.* Few novels or even major movies equal the ex- citement of this rare and ac- complished example of the classic writing of history. Here is the Boxer Rebellion, seen from the points of view of the besieged who fear for their lives, the revengeful Boxers, and the strange international task force coming to the rescue. Illustrated with period photo- graphs, drawings, color maps. $4.00.

THREE PLAYS BY JOHN OSBORNE. *Look Back In Anger — Epitaph For George Dillon — The Entertainer.* "Mr. Os- borne's dialogue leaps off the page." $8.25.

THE HOUSE OF INTELLECT *by Jacques Barzun.* How intellect, the prime force in Western civilization, is being destroyed by our culture in the name of art, science, and philanthropy. A national best-seller. $5.00.

AGEE ON FILM. Pulitzer Prize- winning James Agee, author of *A Death in the Family,* was the best movie critic this coun- try ever had. Book includes Agee's classic article on silent comedy. Photographs. $6.50.

OSCAR WILDE *by Frank Harris.* Now available for the first time in 30 years, this book was described by H. L. Mencken as "the best biography done by an American." Fascinating trial scenes, remarkable can- dor, delightful reading. George Bernard Shaw contributes an appendix. $7.00.

MYTHOLOGIES *by W. B. Yeats.* Tales of the uncanny and the supernatural, the gathering of more than 60 stories from seven books written by the most highly regarded poet of his time. $5.00.

THE ANGER OF ACHILLES *by Robert Graves.* W. H. Auden says that if he were allowed to buy only one version of the *Iliad,* he would buy this one. This large and handsome vol- ume is a valuable addition to the library of every cultivated person. It is certainly the most striking and original version of Homer yet published, and the contemporary style makes it a delight to read. $4.95.

THE AGES OF MAN *by William Shakespeare,* selected and ar- ranged by George Rylands. Sir John Gielgud's brilliant per- formance of The Ages of Man was a memorable event last year on Broadway. The re- markable anthology on which it was based, long out of print, is now available only in this Mid-Century edition. $4.95.

APOLOGIES TO THE IROQUOIS *by Edmund Wilson.* The story of the Iroquois world—its poli- tics, ceremonies, personalities— and how a way of life and be- lief is being destroyed by an impersonal machine society. $4.95.

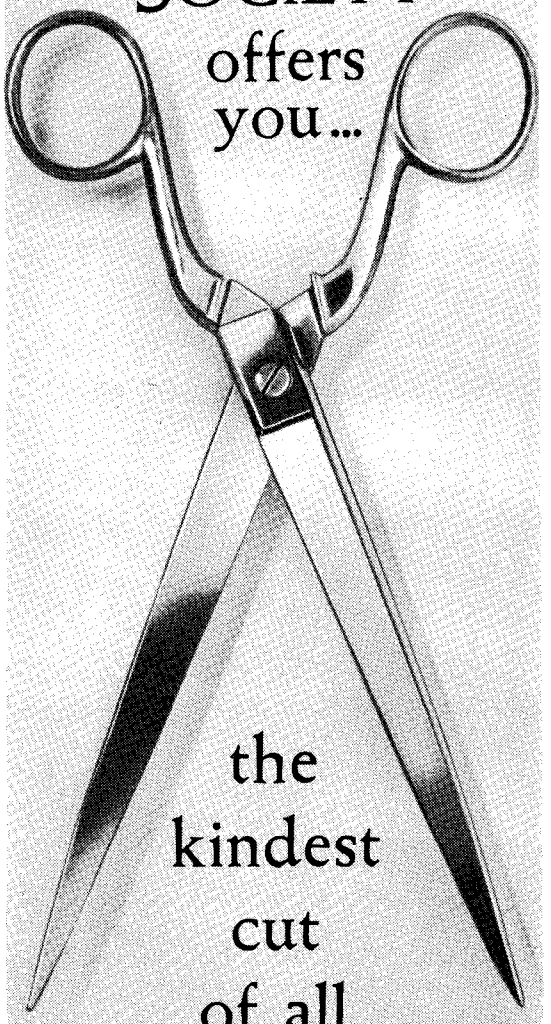
LIFE AGAINST DEATH *by Nor- man O. Brown.* Far-ranging, thorough-going, *Life Against Death* is the best interpreta- tion of Freud. One of the most interesting and valuable works of our time. $6.50.

O TO BE A DRAGON *by Mari- anne Moore* — **LIFE STUDIES** *by Robert Lowell* (*a dual selec- tion*). The two most distin- guished books by established poets published this year. $6.25.

THE COMPLETE WORKS OF NATHANAEL WEST. West was one of the most original Amer- ican writers. This book con- tains his novels *The Day of the Locust, Miss Lonelyhearts, The Dream Life of Balso Snell,* and *A Cool Million.* $5.00.

HENRY ADAMS *by Elizabeth Stevenson.* An excellent biog- raphy of a proud and brilliant intellectual. $6.00.

THE MID-CENTURY BOOK SOCIETY offers you...



the kindest cut of all

RESERVATION 208

THE MID-CENTURY BOOK SOCIETY
107 East 38th Street, New York 16, New York

Please enroll me as a member of *The Mid-Century Book Society.* Enter my FREE subscription to THE MID-CENTURY magazine (the most talked-about new literary publication in many years) and begin my membership by sending me the three selections I have listed below. I need choose only four more selections at reduced prices during the coming year, for which I shall receive a fifth selection free, and will be under no further obligation.

MY THREE SELECTIONS_____

_____

_____

NAME_____

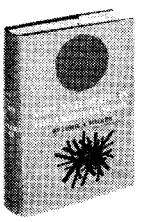
STREET ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ ZONE____ STATE_____

☐ Please charge my account and bill me for $3 plus the shipping charge of 54c for all three books.

☐ My check for $3 is enclosed. (Mid-Century will pay the postage)
(New York City residents please add 9c sales tax)

And May We Particularly Recommend The Following Selection

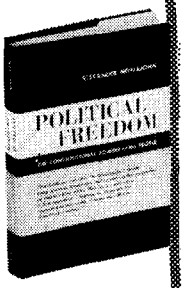


LOVE AND DEATH IN THE AMERICAN NOVEL *by Leslie Fiedler.* This is the first major book by a first-rate writer whose previous work has always provoked conversation and contro- versy. This entertaining study of American literature — wide in range, rich in content — is full of moral urgency, intellectual intensity, and fresh ideas. $8.50.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Timely reading

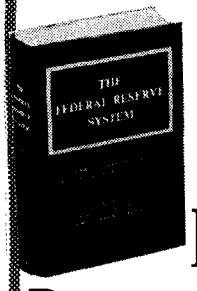
Political Freedom



THE CONSTITUTIONAL POWERS OF THE PEOPLE

By ALEXANDER MEIKLEJOHN
Author of *What Does America Mean?* etc.

A distinguished educator and philosopher here amplifies his widely known interpretation of the First Amendment to the Constitution. "An important study of the most crucial single issue in American life today . . . **nothing as important has appeared in this realm of ideas since Holmes' dissenting opinions.**" —MAX LERNER
$3.50



The Federal Reserve System

Edited by
HERBERT V. PROCHNOW
Executive Vice President, The First National Bank of Chicago

The first such thorough study of the Federal Reserve banking system in a generation. Businessmen, financiers, and students of finance will find the book especially useful in view of the reliance placed upon the Federal Reserve System in formation of government fiscal and credit policy. "*Must* reading . . . for an understanding of our banking system and its role in our economy." — JESSE W. TAPP, Chairman of the Board of Directors, Bank of America.
$6.50

At your bookstore or from

HARPER & BROTHERS, N. Y. 16

TO SECURE THESE RIGHTS . . .

EDWARD P. MORGAN

We keep telling ourselves that if we don't like some things in this country we can change them at the polls. The Negro doesn't like his second-class citizenship, but massive denial in the South of his right to improve his lot by the ballot box has forced him to resort to boycotts and other means such as the current wave of sitdown strikes at white lunch counters.

While Congress grapples with the registrar, referee, and other plans to make the Negro's vote count, it is timely to ask whether and/or how badly his right of franchise is really being violated. An impressive part of the answer is furnished by the actual field investigations of the Federal Civil Rights Commission. Here are only some of the facts from the commission record:

Florida has a better record of allowing Negroes to vote than many of her neighbors have, but the commission's first complaint came from Florida's Gadsden County, on the Georgia line. Although nearly eleven thousand Negroes of voting age live in the county, only six were registered. Fear of economic reprisal held many back. There are nearly three hundred Negro teachers in the county but almost none registered. A Negro minister who suggested from the pulpit that his congregation should register and vote was denied a bank loan. A minister's wife lost her county schoolteaching job because she stressed voting and other Constitutional rights in her course in civics.

Mississippi, unsurprisingly, has been the worst offender. Of the state's nearly half million Negroes over twenty-one, less than four per cent are registered. In fourteen counties there is not a single Negro voter. In Leflore County, when a Negro Army veteran, an ex-sergeant, tried to register, the clerk had him write his name and address on a piece of paper. Soon after he returned home, two white men called to ask why he had tried to register. "It's my duty," the veteran replied. They accused him of trying to stir up trouble, warned him not to make another attempt. He did not, for fear of reprisals.

In Mississippi's Forrest County, a pastor with two degrees from Columbia who tried to register was accused of being a Communist because he conceded membership in the N.A.A.C.P. One persistent Negro citizen tried sixteen times—twice a year for eight years—to register. He failed.

Here are some of the things required of a Negro before he can register to vote in Alabama: He must be able to read and write any provision of the U.S. Constitution, be "of good character," "embrace the duties and obligations of citizenship" —what a fine irony!—fill out a voluminous questionnaire, take an oath to support and defend the state and Federal Constitutions, disavow affiliation or belief in allegedly subversive groups, and furnish a qualified voter to "vouch" for him. The all-white, all-powerful Board of Registrars is the sole judge—except for rare appeals—of the applicant's character and qualifications for citizenship. There are no educational requirements for registrars.

In Alabama's Macon County, which has a higher percentage of Negroes with college degrees than any other county in the state, the board once, without notice, resigned and there was no body before which Negroes could even try to register for eighteen months. The questionnaires are loaded with such terms as "bona fide," "priority," "secular," and "moral turpitude." One Negro girl doing graduate work in chemistry at Tuskegee had to copy Article II of the U.S. Constitution in its entirety, an assignment that covered eight and a half hand-written pages. She was not allowed to vote. The board never notifies applicants that they have failed. An applicant must state under oath the names of all past employers for five years; if he errs he may be prosecuted for perjury.

At the commission's public hearing in Montgomery, Alabama, a little over two years ago, the wife of a prominent Tuskegee research associate, and herself a teacher, was asked why she wanted to vote. "Because," she answered, "it is a right and privilege guaranteed us under the Constitution. It is a duty of citizens and I have four children to whom I would like to be an example in performing that duty, and I want them to feel that they are growing up in a democracy where they will have the same rights and privileges as other American citizens."

Next witness. Or is another needed?

(From a broadcast over ABC Radio)

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Seven Arts Book Society

offers you the exceptional opportunity to build what André Malraux described as "a museum without walls"—to enrich your home with the finest books on the arts—and at substantial savings. The selections of The Seven Arts Book Society—like those pictured below—are all books of permanent value: oversize, richly illustrated volumes with definitive texts. Moreover, as a member you will regularly enjoy savings of 30% and more. Why not begin your trial membership today? Discover for yourself the great advantages of belonging to this unique organization. You may begin your membership with any one* of the magnificent books shown here, and choose any other to be sent to you *free as an introductory gift. Your savings on this introductory offer alone can amount to as much as $37.25.*

Choose any one

FREE

***You may choose two books marked "count as one" as your free gift—or as your first selection.**

The Seven Arts Book Society

215 Park Avenue South, New York 3, N. Y.

You may enter my name as a member and send me the *free gift* and first selection (at the special member's price plus postage and handling) indicated. I agree to take as few as five additional selections—or alternates in the next 12 months. I am to receive each month without charge the attractive *Seven Arts News* containing an extensive review of the forthcoming selection and descriptions of all other books available to me at member's prices. If I do not want the selection announced I can return your simple form saying "send me nothing," or use it to order another book from the more than 100 authoritative volumes offered in the course of a year. I may cancel my membership at any *time after purchasing the five additional selections or alternates.*

☐ BRUEGHEL, Gustav Glück. 143 pp., 11½ x 14, 82 full color and 4 monochrome plates. Retail $20.00. Member's price $12.95.

☐ REMBRANDT, Ludwig Münz. A monumental study. 158 pp., 9¾ x 12¾, 109 illus. (50 in color). Retail $15.00. Member's price $11.95.

☐ THE NOTEBOOKS OF LEONARDO DA VINCI, edited by Edward MacCurdy. 2 vols., boxed, 1248 pp., 5½ x 8¼. 8 pp. of illus. Retail $10.00. Member's price $7.50.

☐ IDEAS AND IMAGES IN WORLD ART, René Huyghe. "Belongs with Malraux." *448 pp., 7½ x 9¼, 416 gravure illus. (16 in color).* Retail $15.00. Member's price $11.95.

☐ MASTERWORKS OF JAPANESE ART, Charles S. Terry. 264 pp., 8¾ x 12, 135 illus. (40 in color). Retail $17.50. Member's price $13.50.

☐ THE SCULPTURE OF AFRICA, Eliot Elisofon, and Wm. Fagg. 256 pp., 11 x 14, 405 photos. Retail $15.00. Member's price $10.95.

*☐ THE NATURAL HOUSE *and* THE LIVING CITY, Frank Lloyd Wright. 2 books fully illustrated with plans, maps, drawings, and photographs. Combined retail price $15.00. Member's price (for both books) $11.00.

☐ THE STONES OF FLORENCE, *Mary McCarthy. 277 pp., 8½ x 11, 137 photos (12 in full color).* Retail $15.00. Member's price $10.95.

☐ PABLO PICASSO, Wilhelm Boeck and Jaime Sabartès. Picasso collaborated in this study. 524 pp., 8½ x 12, 606 illus. (44 in color). Retail $17.50. Member's price $13.50.

☐ ART SINCE 1945, Will Grohmann, Sam Hunter, Marcel Brion, Sir Herbert Read. 400 pp., 9¼ x 11¼, 180 illus. (60 in color). Retail $15.00. Member's price $11.95.

*☐ THE MOVIES, Richard Griffith and Arthur Mayer. 442 pp., 9 x 12, over 1,000 stills; *and* MASTERS OF PHOTOGRAPHY, Beaumont and Nancy Newhall. 192 pp., 9¾ x 11¼, more than 150 photos. Combined retail price $27.50. Member's price $20.00.

☐ PAUL KLEE, Will Grohmann. The painter of the inner eye. 441 pp., 11¾ x 8½, 510 illus. (40 in color). Retail $17.50. Member's price $13.50.

☐ THE GREAT AMERICAN ARTISTS SERIES: *Albert P. Ryder; Thomas Eakins; Winslow Homer; Willem de Kooning; Jackson Pollock; Stuart Davis.* Six vols., boxed, 768 pp., 7½ x 10 each, 480 illus. (96 in color). Retail $23.70. Member's price $13.95.

☐ MASTERS OF MODERN ARCHITECTURE, John Peter. 230 pp., 9½ x 12¾, 232 photos. Retail $15.00. Member's price $10.95.

☐ *THE COMPLETE BOOK OF ARTISTS' TECHNIQUES,* Kurt Herberts. 352 pp., 8 x 8, 249 illus. (80 in color). 38 art techniques explained and illustrated. Retail $15.00 Member's price $10.95.

Mr.
Mrs. .....
Miss
please print

Address .....

City ..... Zone State .....

S60-31

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The University of Michigan
A New Kind of History

From Viking Ships to Thor Rockets—The Sweeping

Leif Ericson Off The Coast Of New England — *Bettmann Archive*

You are no doubt familiar with the broad landmarks of American history ... 1776, The Gettysburg Address, and so forth—names and dates remembered from high school. But—can you honestly say you *know* your country? Can you separate myth from fact, strength from weakness? Can you vote on the great issues of today with the assurance of understanding their *significance* in terms of the complex American political, economic and social tradition?

After five years of intensive preparation, the University of Michigan has just published a brilliant new kind of history for adult Americans. This provocatively written, monumental two-volume work probes beneath names and dates for the subtle nuances, the hidden causes, the enduring *significance* of events in our common past which are influencing the present course of our nation as a world leader. Through its pages you will come to understand fully the forces which have shaped—and continue to shape—the unique phenomenon which is America...

CAN YOU IDENTIFY THESE HISTORY-MAKING STATEMENTS?
(from The United States: A Modern History)

1. "We have it in our power to begin the world over again ... a race of men, perhaps as numerous as all Europe contains, are to receive their portion of freedom."

ANSWER

Thomas Paine in Common Sense (1776). This renowned pamphlet fanned and crystallized the emotions of the American rebels, pointing them along a road they had not yet made up their minds to travel —the road to independence.

2. "You shall not press down upon the brow of labor this crown of thorns; you shall not crucify mankind upon a cross of gold."

ANSWER

William Jennings Bryan, from the magnificent speech which won him the Democratic Presidential nomination in 1896. Although he lost the race, he dramatized ideals which were eventually to lead to vast reforms.

3. "When an epidemic of physical disease starts to spread, the community approves and joins in a quarantine of the patients in order to protect the health of the community."

ANSWER

Franklin Delano Roosevelt, from his famous "quarantine" speech (1937). Comparing the spread of Fascism to an epidemic, he laid the groundwork for America's dramatic turn-away from neutrality, and coming involvement in World War II.

4. "They are striking me hip and thigh —right merrily shall I return their blows."

ANSWER

John L. Lewis (1938). The militant head of the C.I.O. hurled his defiance at industry during the epic labor and union upheavals of the Thirties. In this History of The United States, you gain a brilliantly dramatic and comprehensive picture of all the interwoven strands of American life.

The University of Michigan Press, Ann Arbor

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Invites You To Examine For Adult Americans...

Story of Your America, as You've Never Known it Before!

HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES

Edited by ALLAN NEVINS and HOWARD M. EHRMANN

FEW histories are as big and bold, as filled with the clash of armies, the growth of startling new ideas, the struggles of people great and small—as the history of your own country. Now, for the first time in a generation, the full, magnificent panorama of American history has been brought up-to-date by The University of Michigan. Employing fresh perspectives and material available only to contemporary historians, this monumental work interprets our past with a clarity and fullness that sheds *new* light on today's perplexing headlines.

Here is the living record of the whole American experience—from the first Viking explorations along the New England coast to the latest U.S. space probes. Through the vivid pages of THE UNITED STATES, you will share with Columbus, Washington, Lincoln, their most thrilling moments of decision...you will meet cattle-barons, suffragettes, atomic scientists, caught up in the exciting conflicts of great issues...

The editors of this remarkable history are Allan Nevins, twice winner of the Pulitzer Prize for History, and Howard M. Ehrmann, chairman of the University of Michigan history department. The authors are both distinguished historians who, in the words of Virginia Kirkus, "have caught the full sweep and color of American development" in a "history of this country surpassing in scope the Beards' RISE OF AMERICAN CIVILIZATION."

These superb books are handsomely bound and reinforced in sturdy, grey, linen-weave cloth with a distinctive silver and gold scroll design. The fine book paper will withstand thousands of thumbings. The type was selected for readability and beauty. The two-volume set contains 1056 pages, and is encased in a full-color presentation box.

Here is a set every American family will be proud to own—fascinating to read, invaluable for reference, it will take its place among the most treasured volumes in your library.

THE UNITED STATES TO 1865 (Vol. 1)

by Michael Kraus

In this volume are all the important early strivings of our country — the Viking explorations, the founding of the New England and Southern colonies, the French and Indian War, the Declaration of Independence, the Revolutionary War, expansion to the West, growing industrialization, and finally the tragedy of Civil War. *Mr. Kraus is professor of history at the College of the City of New York.*

THE UNITED STATES SINCE 1865 (Vol. 2)

by Foster Rhea Dulles

From the fateful Reconstruction Period . . . to *Sputnik* and our own explorations of outer space. (No other published history is as up-to-date.) Here is the story of the gold and cattle frontiers, the growth of industry, labor and literature, the development of political parties, World War I, the Twenties, the Depression, Roosevelt, World War II, and the uneasy peace that followed. *Mr. Dulles is professor of history at Ohio State University.*

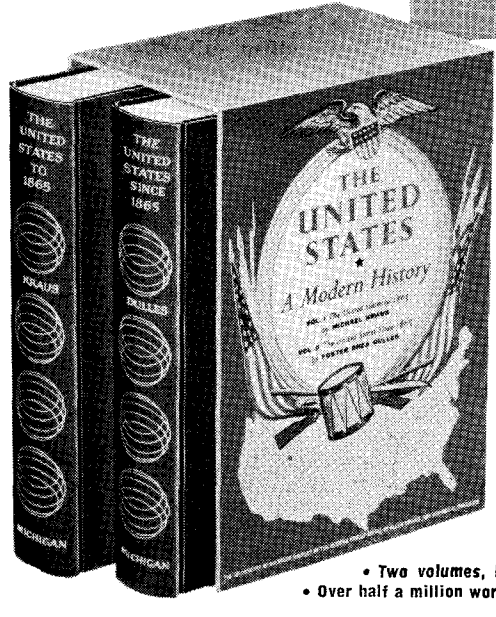
Leading Authorities Acclaim
The University of Michigan
"History Of the Modern World"
Of Which These
Two Volumes Are A Part

EDWARD R. MURROW
News Commentator, CBS
"One of the most exciting ventures in publishing and scholarship that I know of."

ARNOLD J. TOYNBEE
Historian and Philosopher
"...an effective help towards our knowledge and understanding of one another at a time when this is of vital importance to us all."

CHESTER W. NIMITZ
Fleet Admiral, U.S. Navy
"A high-water mark for the University's service to our people."

ANDRÉ MAUROIS
Author
"A wonderful idea...Your enterprise will answer a very urgent need."



MAIL THIS POSTAGE-FREE CARD TODAY

FREE TRIAL OFFER!

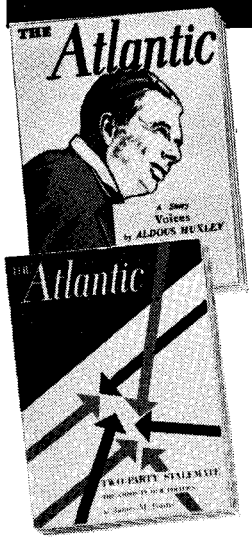
To examine the set for ten days free, simply fill out and mail the order card. If at the end of that time you wish to keep the set, the order card offers you three advantageous payment plans for the low $15.00 cost. Otherwise, you may return the set without further cost or obligation. May we suggest you mail the order card today before this edition is fully subscribed?

- Two volumes, boxed
- 1056 pages 6"x9¼"
- Over half a million words
- 27 specially drawn maps

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HALF PRICE

for a trial subscription that brings the world's foremost writers in every field into your home



RECENT CONTRIBUTORS INCLUDE:

John Ciardi
Agnes deMille
Peter Ustinov
Lewis Mumford
James Thurber
Judge Irving R. Kaufman
Sen. Joseph S. Clark
Walter Lippmann
Edith Sitwell
Dore Shary
John P. Marquand
Mark Van Doren
Alfred Knopf
Edward Crankshaw
Clarence B. Randall
Alfred Kazin
Ernest Hemingway
Leonard Bernstein
and many others

For a fraction of its regular price you can "discover" America's most distinctive magazine, presenting the world's best writers, greatest thinkers and doers! You can join the thousands of smart ATLANTIC readers who enjoy each month the best combination of news, fun, information and adult entertainment available anywhere. See for yourself how much genuine reading enjoyment is packed between the covers of each issue—by taking advantage of this spectacular half price offer: 8, 12, 18, or 24 issues at half the regular price!

(Usual subscription, $7.50 a year)

SEND NO MONEY
Mail this coupon today

THE ATLANTIC, Dept. Z-92
8 Arlington St., Boston 16, Mass.

Please enter my half-price trial subscription to THE ATLANTIC for the length of time I have indicated and bill me later.

☐ 8 months for $2.50 ☐ 18 months for $5.65
☐ 12 months for $3.75 ☐ 24 months for $7.50

Name.....

Address.....

City.....Zone...State.....

☐ Remittance Enclosed.

CORRESPONDENCE

GERMANY

To the Editor: I hope mine is but one of the many voices raised to protest George Steiner's assault on the German language ("The Hollow Miracle," *The Reporter*, February 18). My family was persecuted and in part exterminated in Hitler Germany, and I am no apologist for the atrocities of National Socialism. However, even foul abuse of a language scarcely justifies the judgment that it is extinct. . . .

What Mr. Steiner finds absent from the German language is absent from all of German culture, which is understandably still in a state of shock. I for one hope that Germans are finding their way back to humanity. Agreed that too many of Nazism's evils and evildoers still survive; agreed that economic prosperity is misrepresented as a token of national regeneration; agreed that some of the German anxiety to forget the Third Reich will have harmful results unless checked. But must one overstate the case in pure hatred? Can one condemn a people wholesale for the natural desire to escape the constant memory of dreadful wrongs committed? And is [Mr. Steiner] correct in asserting that these Germans who are now trying to think and speak morally are to be forever frustrated by an irremovable curse on their language? Only supreme arrogance can support the passing of judgment on an entire language; only bitter hatred can explain the attempt to do so.

STEVEN MULLER
Ithaca, New York

To the Editor: As one who worked for Civil Censorship and then the Nürnberg Trials as a civilian employee of the Occupation Forces in Germany from 1945 to 1948, I admire Mr. Steiner's perceptiveness in being able to grasp the subtleties of the German language and the change that has taken place in it since the Nazis took hold of it and made it their most important tool for getting the German population to agree to all their decrees. It is an important service to American readers to help them understand that a financial or commercial success cannot cover up or wipe out a moral, ethical awareness or an obligation to the civilized world which the Germans are now trying so hard to join.

ELLEN BECKER
New York

To the Editor: George Steiner's complaints against the awful German language boil down to the fact that it isn't being used to do mass penance for the Nazis' acts. Such right thinking really can't be expected. . . . After all, even we conscientious Americans aren't staying awake nights much worrying about all that napalm, TNT, and radioactive uranium we dumped on all those noncombatant civilians and beautiful old unmilitary cities. Nor do the English seem to moan over their government's former colonial policies in India and Africa, nor the Israelis over *their* government's treatment of the dispossessed Palestine Arabs, etc., etc., etc.

J. C. DIXON
New Orleans

To the Editor: Thank you for George Steiner's frank and perceptive analysis of the present state of the German language. He very correctly says: "When it has been injected with falsehood, only the most drastic truth can cleanse it." It might be interesting now to turn around and try to discover what brought about the shallowness of our own cliché-ridden English idiom. Could an all-pervasive advertising double-talk have had such devastating effects upon the English language? Can anyone step out of his own environmental frame and tell us if there is any hope for English as a literary tool?

JOHN MICHALSKI
Co-ordinator of German Studies
Marquette University
Milwaukee

To the Editor: While some philologists may hesitate to endorse George Steiner's courageous and dramatic indictment of the old Prussian régime, many will be intrigued by the implications which his article has in the field of the philosophy of language.

Largely by reason of those emotional undertones and that rhetorical content which men have breathed into it, language has become an active and bold participant in the life of man: to mold and shape his thoughts and to determine his destiny. . . .

FLOYD HARDIN, Editor
International Language Review
Denver

To the Editor: George Steiner's announcement of the death of the German language would have been much more effective had it been written in German. The author himself fell victim to the tendencies that he so eloquently castigates as "Germanic." "The Hollow Miracle" has all the ingredients that, at least in Mr. Steiner's opinion, are typically German: there is solid scholarship slanted by prejudice, a Spenglerian aura of despair, and an *endgültige Lösung* to problems that have beset all major German writers since, and including, Goethe.

Languages are organisms, as Mr. Steiner says; they can decay and they can die. But they decay and die with the nations that created them. If the society recovers and if a new sense of communion is created by it, language will reflect that resurgence. As to German, it has shown remarkable resilience over the centuries. It has survived the

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Only a self educated man can be truly educated

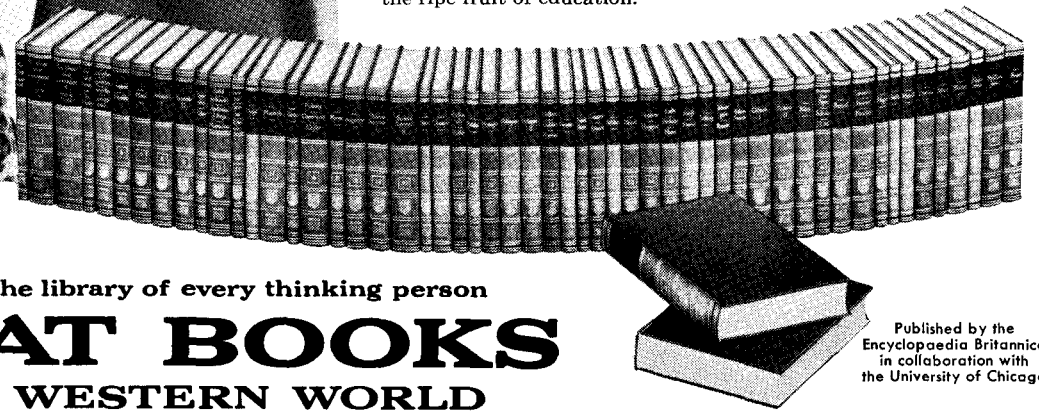
A thoughtful discussion by **William Benton**
former Asst. Secretary of State and U.S. Senator

"There are probably very few people who labor under the delusion that because they once satisfactorily completed a physics course in school their knowledge of science is complete. In fact, there is general recognition that a scientist's education is never complete.

"It is paradoxical indeed that in the equally profound areas of history, philosophy, theology, literature, all the important humanities, just the reverse is commonly held to be true. Once the required course of study is passed and a college degree earned, our education in these subjects is often assumed to be complete.

"This, of course, could not be further from the truth. A person who does not continue year after year to add to his knowledge and insight can never be a really educated man. In fact, just the opposite is likely to occur. Change is a law of life. Nothing remains static. Our interests either broaden or narrow. Our thoughts deepen or become ever more shallow. We grow in knowledge and perception or our minds shrink away to insignificance.

"The amount of formal schooling possible to us is usually limited, of course, by the necessity of earning a living. Only self-education can continue to give us the constant association with great minds and the contemplation of great thoughts which produce an educated man. The edition of the Great Books described below was compiled with this purpose in mind—to provide the nourishment the mind needs to grow in wisdom—the ripe fruit of education."



Essential in the library of every thinking person

GREAT BOOKS
OF THE WESTERN WORLD

Published by the Encyclopaedia Britannica in collaboration with the University of Chicago

***now available direct from the publisher with great new* SYNTOPICON**

A mind is permanently enriched by a new concept only if the concept is fully understood. And only a scholar with long years of disciplined study behind him can ordinarily stick to the task of absorbing the great abstract ideas without an instructor. Guidance, interpretation, discussion are usually necessary to give them meaning and application to one's own life. That is why this new edition of the GREAT BOOKS was published.

The key to its enormous value is the "teacher" it provides—the amazing SYNTOPICON pictured above. The SYNTOPICON is a new concept in self-education. It is the product of 400,000 man-hours of research by 100 scholars over a period of eight years. It is quite literally a great "teacher" living in your home . . . always at your disposal to interpret to you the great ideas contained in the Great Books.

As you begin to absorb and understand these great ideas by which man has survived and progressed, you will begin to reflect their greatness in your own ability to think, speak, and act with new and impressive weight. You will have sounder judgment on political and economic issues as the great minds who conceived and contributed law and justice make the whole great idea of government clear to you. You will develop a sounder philosophy of life as *your* mind is illuminated by the great minds of the ages.

You will not be limited in your business progress by your own narrow specialty, but will be prepared to handle the problems of top management which call for broad general thinking rather than limited technical knowledge.

Even in your own personal life, a knowledge of mankind through century on century can guide you to the decisions and actions which have eternally resulted in the greatest success and contentment.

Don't miss this opportunity to learn the details of this new edition of the GREAT BOOKS. Mail in the coupon below for a free descriptive booklet. It will explain how you can find new understanding of yourself and the world through the great ideas which have engrossed man since the written record of man began. It is in this way that one stretches mind and soul. It is in this way that one grows in wisdom.

Mail Coupon Now for FREE BOOKLET

GREAT BOOKS OF THE WESTERN WORLD, DEPT. 54-D
425 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago 11, Illinois

Please send me, *free and without obligation*, your handsome booklet which pictures and describes the revolutionary SYNTOPICON and the GREAT BOOKS in full detail. Also, include complete information on how I may obtain this magnificent set, *direct from the publisher*, on your special budget plan.

*Name*_____
(please print)

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *Zone*_____ *State*_____

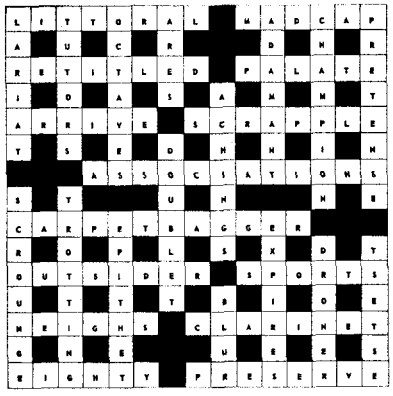
In Canada, write Great Books of the Western World, Terminal Bldg., Toronto, Ont.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Solution to

THE REPORTER

Puzzle #3



Acrostician—

BENNY GOODMAN

If you want to get the real "EXTRA" in the news

see page 43

Thirty Years' War, the indifference and the ridicule of the most powerful Prussian king, the abuses under the pen of abstruse theoreticians, and the daily phlebotomy by second-rate journalists. It will also survive the wounds inflicted upon it by Nazi writers. Fifteen years are a short time in the life of a people and a language. . . . It should also not be overlooked that the postwar period has not been a very fruitful one for western literature in general. Perhaps the impasse of German is not much different from that of other languages.

JOSEPH P. BAUKE
Instructor in German
Columbia University
New York

To the Editor: As I myself am a refugee from Hitler Germany, at present engaged in teaching German, Mr. Steiner's comments on the decline of that language touched me very nearly. In substance Mr. Steiner and I are agreed in this: that the Nazis degraded Germany to a state of barbarism, and that the language, as well as the entire people, participated in that degradation. But when Mr. Steiner begins to talk about such things as the "health of language," we part company.

Such phrases, always imprecise, presume that language as such is an organism, whereas it is only the individual's language at a given time and place that is organic, *to him*. Imagine judging the condition of the English language in America by *Time* magazine, or for that matter, by the New York *Times*. I daresay that, on examination, one wouldn't give much for the patient's survival. . . . The decline of language, and of a serious literature to communicate in that language, has happened everywhere, not merely in Germany. . . . I should like to conclude by expressing my admiration for Mr. Steiner's writing, which possesses in a high degree the qualities of intelligence and a great solicitude for language. Above all, there is heart in what he writes, and this unites us against the overwhelming absence of it in almost everything around us today.

MICHAEL KOWAL
Kew Gardens, New York

DE GAULLE

To the Editor: According to your editorial of February 18 ("De Gaulle the Indispensable"), we should "realize the responsibilities our country has toward the other members of the Alliance" and "realize how dangerous it is to let our allies down." We should certainly realize, then, that the peoples of Africa (and Asia) also have a rather important role in the world.

It is rather ludicrous to praise de Gaulle the patriarch "of superb intelligence" in the same week that he explodes a bomb in the Sahara despite the protest of millions of Africans.

If our country should realize its responsibilities towards its allies, it will be a one-sided affair of altruism, as de Gaulle has made evident. The unity of the allies is not as important to him as is the glory of France. An atomic bomb exploded in the Sahara signals that we cannot ". . . conceive of the coming summit meeting without de Gaulle." The parallel to MacArthur is accurate. Both men are supremely confident.

GRACE FREUNDLICH
Madison, Wisconsin

To the Editor: Your February 18 editorial is full of the common (uncommon) sense and principle I've looked for so long in vain. Long live de Gaulle, also appreciation of his kind.

CATHA TANNER
Denver

STEEL

To the Editor: In my judgment, Herbert Roseman ("The Price of Peace in Steel," *The Reporter*, February 4) has looked at some of the trees but has completely missed the forest. The real question, in my opinion, is one of the relative profitability of the steel industry. How do steel-industry profits compare with those of other industries? Are these profits adequate to assure the growth and modernization which the nation requires? I am sure Mr. Roseman . . . will find that the steel industry has been a laggard in profits.

I would like to call your attention to the annual reports issued by the First National City Bank of New York, listing the various leading manufacturing industries of the country according to their return on net assets. These listings have included from 41 to 46 industries. In 1958 steel was 27th out of 41, in seventeen of the last twenty years it was below the average, and in the other three just barely above; in some years it was either in last place or very close thereto.

It is also pertinent to point out that the return on a completely new integrated steel mill would be no more than three per cent on the capital invested, far less than is attainable today on government bonds.

JOSEPH L. BLOCK, Chairman
Inland Steel Company
Chicago

Mr. Roseman replies:

The main point of my article was that the steel industry has boosted its profits by inflationary price increases. The industry's relative profitability and its access to expansion funds are relevant only as justifications for this behavior. Thus reference to them implicitly grants my main point.

Mr. Block fails to mention in *which* three years the steel industry's profit rate was above the average for manufacturing. Those years were 1955, 1956, and 1957. Steel's profit rate rose continually during the postwar period relative to the average, until in the mid-1950's it exceeded the average, thus upsetting an historic pattern dating back at least to 1929.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

An invitation to read **Newsweek** for the next 40 weeks for only $2.87

for the next 40 weeks discover how only **Newsweek** *reports the important news and reveals its significance for you*

HERE ARE THE KINDS OF CRITICAL QUESTIONS NEWSWEEK ANSWERS EVERY WEEK . . .

- What will come with the change in the White House after the national elections in '60?
- What shape will the nation take – where and how will people live, what will they do?
- Where do the dangers of war – big or little – lie?
- What and how will we gain from President Eisenhower's global "salesmanship of democracy"?
- Will Russia's economy catch up to ours? Who – West or East – will win the support of the new nations now emerging?
- How big is the big boom in Europe?
- How far will our own national economy advance in '60 – and in the '60's? What industry promises the longest strides?
- What new products will make life better and easier?
- When will man invade space? When will he reach the moon?
- Can we create life in a test tube?
- What are the prospects for eradicating disease? What advances are we making in transplanting live organs?
- How about the "Big Show" – TV, the movies, the arts – in the '60's? What will the "Big Show" be like?
- What role will religion take? Is the church destined to become a sterner custodian of our morals?

EVERY WEEK, discover how only NEWSWEEK reports the important news – probes the big questions which have the greatest meaning for you and your family.

Will inflation "eat away" your life's savings in a few short years? Can we compete against a hardworking Soviet Union and still keep our 8-hour day? What's ahead for you when Ike exits and the next President steps in?

The answers NEWSWEEK gives you are the results of responsible, straight-from-the shoulder reporting of the facts and their significance. That's why when you read NEWSWEEK every week you don't need to wonder "what's next" . . . you know!

What's more – NEWSWEEK provides you with the broadest possible coverage of world news of interest to you and your family: politics, government, national and international affairs, business, economics, finance, art, religion, science, education, medicine, literature, theater, motion pictures, television – and more!

In addition, NEWSWEEK'S in-depth reports bring into meaningful focus the events in the news with many exclusive "extras". You get The Periscope – exciting pages of predictions of what lies ahead for Washington, the nation and the world. You get Significance Reports on inflation, taxation, the missile race, education, foreign trade and other major phases of our national life. You get National Industrial Conference Board Surveys to help you size up business trends. You get Space and the Atom, Provocative Opinions, Life and Leisure, Interviews, Spotlight on Business – all features designed to help you get more meaning from the news.

In 1960, an election year, events will move swiftly. You will want to know all about the men and the issues – and then, make up your own mind!

Take advantage of NEWSWEEK'S special introductory offer – 40 weeks for only $2.87, about 7¢ a copy. These same issues would cost $4.62 (11¢ a copy) on our regular subscription; $10.00 (25¢ a copy) at your newsstand. Read just three issues; you must be satisfied with NEWSWEEK'S coverage of the news and how it relates to you, or receive a full refund on the unfulfilled portion of your subscription. Send no money now unless you wish. Mail the coupon below – today!

NEWSWEEK'S 28 NEWS DEPARTMENTS COVER . . .

NATIONAL AND INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS, BUSINESS, SCIENCE, MEDICINE, ART, EDUCATION, RELIGION, PEOPLE, GOVERNMENT, SPORTS, BOOKS, MUSIC, RADIO AND TELEVISION, THE PRESS, DANCE, MOTION PICTURES, THEATER *plus* THESE EXCLUSIVE *EXTRA* FEATURES –

SPACE AND THE ATOM – complete department each week exploring vast new horizons of the Space Age.

SPOTLIGHT ON BUSINESS – a discerning close-up of an unusual business situation.

LIFE AND LEISURE – the latest (of course with pictures) on travel, home, hobbies, fun!

PROVOCATIVE OPINIONS – quote any of NEWSWEEK'S 5 experts to start a lively discussion!

N.I.C.B. SURVEYS – reports on capital appropriations and consumer spending plans help you size up business trends.

SIGNIFICANCE REPORTS – what the news means to *you* – your work and income, family and future.

SPORTS WEEK – amusing quips and sports sidelights by columnist John Lardner.

ACCURATE FORECASTS – you'll be the first to know what's ahead, with uncanny "Periscope" predictions.

SPECIAL REPORTS – regular guides to areas of interest and opportunity all over the world.

50-STATE LISTENING POST – NEWSWEEK'S "private sources" on-the-scene in every state report local reactions to national issues.

Newsweek, Dept. R-3, 444 Madison Ave., N. Y. 22, N. Y.

Send me 40 weeks of NEWSWEEK for only $2.87 – with a guarantee of full satisfaction or a prompt refund on any unfulfilled part of my subscription after three issues.

40 WEEKS OF NEWSWEEK
Newsstand Cost – $10.00–25¢ A Copy
Regular Subscription –$4.62–11¢ A Copy
Cost to You $2.87 7¢ A Copy

☐ **Bill me later** ☐ **Payment enclosed**

Name.....
(Please Print)

Address.....

City.....Zone....State.....

Check Here If You Prefer:

☐ 78 weeks for $5.87 ☐ 3 years for $12

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

5 Ways to get backstage in politics

1 THE SPLENDID MISERY

Jack Bell. An unparalleled anecdote-crammed close-up of the presidency and power politics by a top reporter and writer who's covered conventions, campaigns, the White House and Capitol Hill for more than twenty years. $4.95

2 NIXON AND ROCKEFELLER

Stewart Alsop. A double portrait that cuts away the carefully constructed public images of both these men . . . tells what Nixon would be like as President; how Rockefeller can be expected to act and react. $3.95

3 STUART SYMINGTON

Paul I. Wellman. Portrait of a man with a mission—a candid, clearheaded, complete report on one of the strong contenders for the Democratic Presidential nomination. $3.95

4 CONSERVATIVES IN POWER

Edwin L. Dale, Jr. A study in frustration . . . with revealing answers to questions about what cured the '54 and '58 recessions and what was behind the higher budget and rising prices. $3.95

5 "IF ELECTED I PROMISE . . ."

John F. Parker. A laugh-filled, sanity-saving book of stories by and about politicians, by a Massachusetts State Senator . . . a welcome light touch in election-year reading. $3.95

At all booksellers

DOUBLEDAY & COMPANY, Inc.
Garden City, N.Y.

WHO— WHAT— WHY—

THE DANGERS of radioactive fallout from weapons testing are fairly well known, and the general public's anxiety about its own safety as well as the health of future generations has contributed in large measure to bring about the current suspension of tests by both the United States and the Soviet Union. Until recently, there has been much less concern about the fact that even the most peaceful uses of atomic energy also involve grave risks of radioactive poisoning. The principal explanation of this apparent apathy about the disposal of dangerous industrial wastes is a familiar one to those who have followed the Atomic Energy Commission's handling of the fallout controversy. As **Walter Schneir** notes in his article in this issue, "the very existence of radioactive waste was largely unknown to the public . . . until about 1956 or later, because the majority of AEC reports on wastes were classified 'secret' or 'for official use only.'" (Readers of *The Reporter* had been alerted to the danger as early as December, 1950, in an article by Claire Holcomb entitled "The Best-Kept Atomic Secret." And Oliver Townsend again documented the assertion that "Even the peaceful atom is potentially dangerous" in an article we published in October, 1955.)

At any rate, the secret is out now, and Mr. Schneir, an editor of a national medical magazine, whose "Primer on Fallout" appeared in our issue of July 9, 1959, has written a companion report on the disposal of radioactive wastes. As with fallout, the responsibility for our present methods of dumping atomic garbage must be traced back to the AEC. And as with fallout, the basic problem seems to be that the AEC has been charged with two conflicting duties: both overseeing the job that produces the poisonous by-products and protecting the public against those very same poisons. As *The Reporter* has frequently pointed out, no man (and certainly no bureaucratic agency) can be trusted to serve two such awesome masters. New safeguards are urgently required.

BY THE END of this year, more than half the people of Africa will be living in nations that are free and independent. To many of them the results of throwing off what they consider the yoke of imperialism will be surprisingly unpleasant. For in many cases the craving for independence is not matched by the ability to make proper use of it. It is especially clear in Kenya that colonial rule has by no means been without its benefits for the African people, and in this issue **William H. Hessler** of the Cincinnati *Enquirer* describes the carefully balanced plans the British have made to help Kenya prepare for independence without destroying those features of the old order that have benefited the black as well as the white people who live there. . . . The independent nations of Africa will obviously form an increasingly important power bloc in international diplomacy. The efforts to make this new force effective at the United Nations are described by **Allan A. Michie,** the managing editor of a new magazine, *Current,* whose first issue will appear in a few weeks. . . . Despite the disparaging remarks that have been made about the importance of Presidential primaries by such knowledgeable politicians as Harry Truman, next month's primary in Wisconsin may very well be the most decisive event in Democratic politics between now and the time of the convention next July. The curious fight to the death between two candidates who actually agree with each other on most important issues is described by **Sander Vanocur,** who has covered the Wisconsin primary for NBC news. . . . The ghost of Al Smith has been conjured up by a number of political pundits in the current campaign; **Professor Richard Hofstadter** of Columbia points out that many of the parallels drawn by the pundits are entirely false. His book *The Age of Reform,* for which he won a Pulitzer Prize in 1956, has recently been reissued as a Vintage paperback.

A WRY COMMENT on the future impact of automation is offered in a short story by **Andy Lewis,** a free-lance television writer. . . . Our tribute to the cinematic art of Akira Kurosawa comes, in a way, from behind the camera; **Michael Roemer** is a movie maker himself, currently with Louis de Rochemont Associates as associate producer of a series of films called "Planet Earth." . . . **Hilton Kramer** is editor of *Arts* magazine. . . . **Roland Gelatt** is editor of *High Fidelity.* . . . **Wallace Stegner,** professor of English at Stanford University, is now in Rome at the American Academy. . . . Conflicting and impassioned opinions about **George Steiner's** most recent contribution to *The Reporter* appear in our Correspondence columns.

Our cover is by **Mozelle Thompson.**

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE REPORTER

THE MAGAZINE OF FACTS AND IDEAS

MAX ASCOLI, *Editor and Publisher*

Executive Editor, Philip Horton • *Managing Editor*, Robert Bingham
Associate Editors: Gouverneur Paulding, Theodore Draper
Washington Editor, Douglass Cater • *Contributing Editor*, Robert Bendiner
Art Director, Reg Massie • *Copy Editor*, Derek Morgan
Staff Writers: Claire Sterling, Marya Mannes, Paul Jacobs, Edmond Taylor
Assistant to the Managing Editor, Louisa Messolonghites • *Librarian*, Ruth Ames

General Manager, John J. Borghi
Circulation Manager, George Hinckley • *Director of Advertising*, Harry R. Davis
Director of Promotion, Shirley Katzander • *Production Manager*, Ann Hollyday Sharp

VOLUME 22, NO. 6 **MARCH 17, 1960**

THE REPORTER'S NOTES 2

The Disposal of Radioactive Wastes

THE ATOM'S POISONOUS GARBAGE . . . . . *Walter Schneir* 18

At Home & Abroad

KENYA'S COURSE IN 'THE WINDS OF CHANGE' . . . . *William H. Hessler* 23
THE GROWTH OF AN AFRICAN POWER BLOC . . . . . *Allan A. Michie* 25
HUMPHREY VS. KENNEDY: HIGH STAKES IN WISCONSIN . . . *Sander Vanocur* 28
COULD A PROTESTANT HAVE BEATEN HOOVER IN 1928? . . *Richard Hofstadter* 31

Views & Reviews

GET BACK TO ME SOONEST—A SHORT STORY . . . . . *Andy Lewis* 34
KUROSAWA'S WAY OF SEEING . . . . . *Michael Roemer* 36
THE DARK SIDE OF THE STREET . . . . . *Marya Mannes* 38
THE RADICALISM OF COURBET . . . . . *Hilton Kramer* 39
RECORD NOTES . . . . . *Roland Gelatt* 42

Books:

THE CELEBRATED JUMPING FREUD . . . . . *Wallace Stegner* 45
BAEDEKERS OF THE HEART . . . . . *George Steiner* 47
THOSE WHO CAN, TEACH . . . . . *Derek Morgan* 49
THE REPORTER PUZZLE 40

Editorial and Business Offices:
660 Madison Avenue, New York 21, N. Y.

Manuscripts or artwork submitted to The Reporter should be accompanied by addressed envelope and return postage. The publisher assumes no responsibility for the return of unsolicited manuscripts or artwork.

MANCHESTER GUARDIAN

Here are some of the reasons why you will want to read this newspaper that is known and quoted throughout the world.

- **Comment.** The editorials of the Manchester Guardian are more than opinion providers for those with no ideas of their own. The editorials are an appeal to reason. Their weapon is the rapier. Not botched with prejudice, their argument is clean-jointed.
- **News.** Written by Manchester Guardian men in all parts of the world giving precise personal reporting. For example, you will find both penetrating and thought provoking, Taya-Zinkin's grass roots reporting of Indian life and Hessell Tiltman's analysis of Japanese politics.
- **American reporting.** How does the rest of the world see America? Max Freedman in Washington and Alistair Cooke in New York let you see how they report America—a refreshing and unusual angle.
- **Information.** Comprehensive articles which provide new meaning and understanding regarding today's events. Such articles as
  "Warsaw from a Window"
  "Adlai Stevenson at 60"
  "France the Morning After"
  "The Way to Heaven, Calif."
  "The Soviet Drive for Legality"
- **Book reviews.** Articles on art and music, marginal notes on London and the lighter side of life furnish you with stimulating entertainment.
- **All the good things** a newspaper provides will be found to a greater degree in the Manchester Guardian Weekly. This edition is flown overnight every week from England and mailed to you in the United States.

MANCHESTER GUARDIAN

FILL IN AND MAIL RIGHT NOW!

The Manchester Guardian, Dept. R-94
20 East 53rd Street, New York 22, N.Y.

Please enter my subscription to the Manchester Guardian Weekly Air Edition, as checked. If not satisfied after seeing the first four issues, I may cancel and get a full refund.

☐ 19 weeks trial, $3 ☐ 1 year, $8

Name.....

Street Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Atom's Poisonous Garbage

WALTER SCHNEIR

ONE BASIC FACT OF LIFE in the atomic era is that you cannot use the fissioning atom for war or peace without producing vast quantities of lethal radioactive wastes.

Over the past fifteen years, while one arm of the Atomic Energy Commission has been conducting bomb tests, spreading fallout globally (and frequently insisting on its relative harmlessness), another arm has been transporting precisely the same kind of radioactive material to isolated areas and warily entombing it in underground steel-lined reinforced-concrete tanks. The only real difference between radioactive fallout and wastes is that the former is blown high into the stratosphere by an *uncontrolled* nuclear reaction with its subsequent course determined by the vagaries of wind and rain, whereas radioactive wastes are the by-product of a carefully *controlled* nuclear reaction, and their ultimate disposal is up to man.

Not all of the atomic wastes are buried; some of the less radioactive material is released into rivers or dumped into the sea by the AEC and its licensees. It is this form of disposal that has provoked much of the recent controversy.

ALTHOUGH the controversy over the disposal of radioactive wastes has been going on for some time, it was heightened last spring when the National Academy of Sciences released a report, "Radioactive Waste Disposal into Atlantic and Gulf Coastal Waters," prepared at the AEC's request, suggesting twenty-eight tentative sites for offshore dumping of low-level radioactive wastes. The anguished howls from chambers of commerce, citizens' groups, state conservation departments, fishing and recreation interests, and many congressmen are still ringing in the AEC's ears.

The essence of the AEC's disposal problem lies in the nature of the waste itself: compared with all other industrial pollutants, radioactive waste is millions of times more toxic, undetectable by human senses, and absolutely ineradicable except by a process of natural decay that may take centuries.

Clearly this is the most hazardous and treacherous material man has ever tried to deal with. The danger of accidents was dramatically illustrated last November 20 by a minor explosion at the Oak Ridge National Laboratory in a room where highly radioactive wastes are processed to recover plutonium. The explosion destroyed about $10,000 worth of equipment and scattered one-fiftieth of an ounce of plutonium over a few acres. For the following three months, cleanup crews tracked down the minute quantity of plutonium; they painted buildings, tarred roofs, replaced asphalt roadways, removed and resodded grass, and destroyed several trucks. Physicians examined 250 employees and found that nine had absorbed some plutonium internally. By February 15, the job was nearly but not altogether finished. Total cost to decontaminate a $10,000 explosion: between $250,000 and $350,000.

This three-month cleanup task was made necessary by a little more than half a curie of plutonium waste. A curie is the basic unit of radioactivity. Physically it is a very tiny fraction of an ounce of material; from the standpoint of human health it can be an enormous amount of radioactivity. We have heard much about the unfortunate women who in the early 1920's painted watch dials, tipping their brushes between their lips and swallowing tiny amounts of radium and other radioactive materials used to make the paint luminous. Some of these women died in about three years or gradually developed various painful bone ailments; in others, bone cancers appeared fifteen years or more later. As little as 1/260,000 of a curie of radium produced bone cancer, and harmful bone changes occurred in women who had retained less than one two-millionth of a curie.

The Garbage Cans Are Rotting

In the pre-atomic-bomb world of 1940, only a few thousand curies of radioactive material (mostly radium) were available in the entire world. Today our weapon-manufacturing program (not counting testing), plus our peacetime reactor program, is producing billions of curies of liquid, solid, and gaseous wastes every year.

These wastes derive from every step of nuclear-energy production: uranium milling, fuel fabrication, reactor operation (on both land and sea), and especially from the chemical reprocessing of partially spent reactor fuels. This latter type of waste is far and away the most dangerous of all and may contain hundreds or even thousands of curies of various radioactive substances per gallon. The huge steel tanks interred at five different locations (primarily at Hanford, Washington) in the United States contain more than sixty-five million gallons of this high-level radioactive waste. Within the boiling-hot caldrons is enough radioactive material to cause severe pollution of all of the land and water area of the United States. The tanks themselves may last for another ten to fifty years; their contents will be deadly to man for many centuries.

The wastes can probably be successfully transferred to new tanks, but no one regards tank storage as a long-term answer to the problem. The hope is that some permanent means of disposal will eventually be developed. One suggestion is to pump high-level liquid wastes into deep, mined-out rock salt deposits. Possible hazards from this technique, however, include the con-

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tamination of waters that supply surface streams and the formation of radioactive geysers as a result of the tremendous heat generated by the wastes. If some way can be found to solidify the liquid wastes and fix them in an inert material, such as glass or clay, permanent disposal in a salt mine or other deep cavern might be practicable.

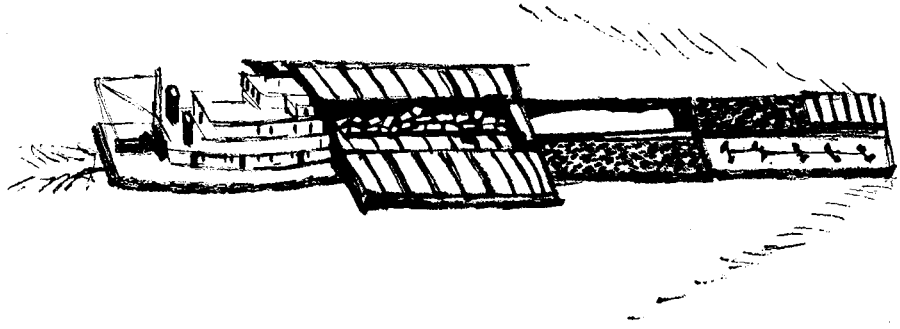
TWO GENERAL APPROACHES are at present available for the disposal of radioactive wastes: concentrate and contain or dilute and disperse. For the immediate future at least, the AEC will certainly continue to concentrate and contain the hottest wastes. Only the low-level wastes are being released into the environment. For this reason many people believe that low-level wastes constitute the greatest present health hazard from our nuclear program.

Low-level wastes generally contain from a few millionths to several thousandths of a curie per gallon; some, loosely classified as "intermediate," may be as "hot" as a few curies per gallon. The low-level wastes are produced in enormous quantities; according to the AEC, any plan to concentrate and contain any considerable fraction of them would be impracticable and extremely costly. The Columbia, the Mohawk, and many other rivers are currently being used to dispose of low-level wastes; within a few months the Hudson will be used for such disposal. Other low-level liquid wastes are poured directly into the ground. Solids and solidified liquids are sometimes placed in concrete-lined fifty-five-gallon barrels and dumped at sea; gaseous wastes are released to the atmosphere.

The disposal of these wastes is carefully guided by maximum permissible levels for human exposure set up by various national and international bodies. Still, people living today in the vicinity of nuclear reactors (and eventually this may include just about all of us) do receive a small additional amount of radiation from low-level wastes; for the most part the dose is still less than that from fallout from bomb tests. This radiation dose is added, of course, to what we already receive from medical X rays, natural sources, and fallout. Some authorities have prophesied that unless we take extreme precautions, low-level wastes may some day head the list of man-made radiation to which we are exposed.

As with fallout, one question is frequently asked: Is the so-called "maximum permissible level" of radiation a completely safe level? The answer is "No." It is impossible to have a completely safe level of radiation; "permissible" levels must therefore be chosen in an essentially arbitrary fashion by a balance of political, economic, and scientific factors.

This point was illuminated last month when Health, Education and Welfare Secretary Arthur Flemming announced a sharp reduction in the amount of strontium-90 intake "permissible" for humans over a lifetime. The new level for strontium-90 for milk, foods, and air is 33 micromicrocuries a liter as compared with the former maximum permissible level of 80 micromicrocuries.



Some interesting comments on maximum permissible levels were made last year by a National Academy of Sciences report on "Radioactive Waste Disposal from Nuclear-Powered Ships": "At the onset it should be recognized that such a maximum permissible rate of exposure is not the most desirable rate. The latter, where technical and economic feasibility allow, should be as close to *zero* as possible. Thus in making this evaluation, some real, though admittedly extremely slight, risk to the general public is assumed."

The Muskrat's Right Hind Leg

The trouble with the dilute-and-disperse theory is that low-level wastes released into the water do not dilute in any completely predictable way. For example, many organisms concentrate radioactive elements in their bodies by factors many times the quantity of radioactivity in the water.

A few years ago, scientist Louis A. Krumholz conducted a three-year study for the AEC and TVA to determine if partially purified liquid waste discharged by Oak Ridge into White Oak Lake had any effects on life in the lake. Dr. Krumholz reported that the fish in the lake grew more slowly and died younger than was normal for the species. Large quantities of strontium-90 had been absorbed into the bone structure of bluegills and black crappies in concentrations 20,000 to 30,000 times those found in the lake itself. One species, the white crappie, relatively common in the lake when the study began, had died out; another, the redhorse, had nearly disappeared—only fifty were found, all three or four years old.

The same scientist and Dr. John H. Rust reported earlier that a muskrat that had been eating food of its own choice in the area around Oak Ridge had a huge burden of radioactivity in its bones. The "insignificant" amounts of radioactivity released into nearby streams were concentrated many times in water plants on which the animal apparently fed and by thousands of times in the muskrat's cancerous right hind leg.

Incidents such as these have been cited in the current controversy over ocean and offshore dumping as reasons for an extreme degree of caution. The *Wall Street Journal* of February 17 quotes Dr. Paul C. Aebersold, an AEC official, in rebuttal: "Underwater disposal is absolutely safe when it's properly executed." Critics of the AEC feel that such statements bespeak a certain lack of humility, considering the

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

present state of our knowledge. As with fallout, the AEC is frequently reassuring and positive in areas where a lot of uncertainty remains. Much of the rich harvest of the sea comes from coastal waters. A mistake cannot be easily rectified.

Moreover, the problem is not merely a national one. Most countries interested in the problem, with the exception of the United States and Great Britain, are strongly opposed to the disposal of any radioactive wastes at sea. Mexico has already filed a formal protest over dumping of wastes in the Gulf of Mexico.

Reporting an international conference on the subject at Monte Carlo last November, the London *Observer's* science correspondent John Davy stated: "It is not within the terms of reference of the conference to pass resolutions on matters of policy, but if it had been, it is quite likely that a resolution would have been passed today urging that radioactive waste disposal at sea should be banned."

A Sea of Troubles

Huge gaps remain in our knowledge of the seas. We still are very far from knowing all there is to learn about the ocean's currents or the mixing rates of the deepest layers of water with the surface. Not long ago many oceanographers felt that the deepest waters might not mix with surface water for two thousand years; now they are not at all sure.

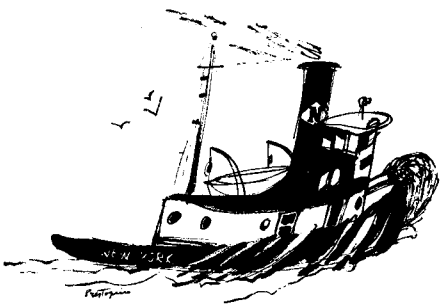
We do know that the ocean, like rivers and lakes, is not a simple dilution tank: microscopic organisms, plankton and shellfish, concentrate radioactivity by many thousands or even millions of times the level in the surrounding water. Fish range freely between deep ocean and continental shelf. Shrimp, squid, and other organisms help spread radioactive elements from the depths to the surface.

The natural radioactivity of the oceans is much less than that of the land. Soon man will have the power to increase this radioactivity just about indefinitely. What would be the effects of such a change on the life in the sea and on human beings who depend on the sea for billions of pounds of protein each year? Frankly, no one knows.

With this uncertainty as background, U.S. Bureau of Standards Handbook 58, issued in 1954, gives this advice regarding radioactive wastes: "Disposal . . . shall be in regions where water depths exceed 1,000 fathoms. . . .

"In the case of sea disposal . . . the act is final. . . . if disposal at sea is carried out under conditions or to an extent that later appears to have been ill-advised or dangerous, there is no way of correcting the situation."

This warning was contradicted last spring by the report of the National Academy of Sciences, which



stated: "The panel is of the opinion that certain Atlantic and Gulf of Mexico coastal areas can be used as receiving waters for the controlled disposal of packaged, low-level radioactive wastes."

Of the twenty-eight tentative dump sites suggested by the N.A.S., some were as little as three miles from shore in water forty or fifty feet deep. At Cape Cod, where commercial fishing and the bathing beaches are essential to the local economy, a protest committee was formed. Its research disclosed that unknown to local residents and contrary to the warning in Handbook 58, offshore dumping had been going on for years. The Crossroads Marine Disposal Corporation of Boston had been dumping radioactive wastes in fifty fathoms of water in Massachusetts Bay since 1946, and on an AEC license since 1952.

The AEC has since amended the license of this company so as to prohibit dumping in less than 1,000 fathoms. Even today, however, the AEC's attitude toward this offshore dumping is less than frank. As recently as January 27, the chief of the AEC's Environmental and Sanitary Engineering Branch, Joseph A. Lieberman, mentioned in a speech the dumping over the past fifteen years of 14,000 curies into the Pacific and of 8,000 into the Atlantic. He said: "All of these disposals are in depths of water of a thousand fathoms or greater."

Questioned about the Crossroads dumping, Dr. Lieberman said that this was not done by the AEC but by an AEC licensee. Since the use of radioactive material by licensees is regulated by the AEC Division of Licensing and Regulation, such verbal tightrope walking by the AEC has not inspired much confidence in the Commission's pronouncements.

A NUMBER of congressmen exhibited some skepticism about AEC practices and promises at last July's hearing of the Radiation subcommittee of the Joint Congressional Committee on Atomic Energy. This one-day hearing was called to enable East Coast and Gulf Coast congressmen to be heard on the N.A.S.'s proposed offshore dumping sites. Most of those testifying were in favor of a bill (H.R. 8187) proposed by Texas Representative Clark W. Thompson, calling for disposal of wastes at least two hundred miles from shore in water over 1,000 fathoms deep and in leakproof containers.

This last point is important, inasmuch as the AEC does not require that barrels be so constructed as not to break open at 1,000 fathoms. Nor does anyone know how many barrels dumped into the sea spill their radioactive contents on the way down. Even those which reach the ocean floor safely are expected to corrode within ten years.

One of the most illuminating exchanges at the July hearing took place between Senator John O. Pastore (D., Rhode Island) and Dr. Dayton E. Carritt, who headed the N.A.S. panel on offshore waste disposal.

SENATOR PASTORE: "As you sit there now, you are in no position to say that as far as you have gone in your research of this subject and the selection in choosing these sites that this is foolproof insofar as hazard is concerned. Is that correct?"

DR. CARRITT: "Senator, you are absolutely right. . . . A good many people have come to me since publication of this report . . . and have

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ended up . . . by saying, 'I hope you have made absolutely sure that there will never be a radioactive atom get into our waters.' . . . It is impossible to assure anybody that that will not happen. When the decision was made by this country or by any other country to embark upon a program involving fission products, it was at that point that we lost that decision. From now on it is absolutely impossible to say that we cannot have any contamination in the human environment. The only possible question we can ask now is. . . . How much time, money and effort can we expend to keep the contamination down to a permissible level? . . . The more money you want to put out over and above that, the lower it is going to go."

In any conflict between cost and contamination, the AEC finds itself in an embarrassing position: it conducts and encourages operations that produce radioactive waste; then it must regulate itself and its licensees to ensure that the waste disposal does not harm the public.

A case in point is the pollution of the Animas River in Colorado and New Mexico, where the water used by thirty thousand people was found by the Public Health Service to contain radium far in excess of maximum permissible levels. For a proper assessment of the danger from the wastes, the Public Health Service sought to learn what other man-made radiation the people of the area were exposed to. By unhappy coincidence, the peas, cabbages, lettuce, and other vegetables grown in the area were also discovered to have extremely large amounts of strontium-90 from fallout.

The radium in the Animas River comes from a uranium refinery run by the Vanadium Corporation of America. For more than ten years the company had been pouring wastes into the river without regulation. Colorado and New Mexico assumed that the AEC was supervising the process; the AEC insists that it had no regulatory authority over a score or more of uranium mills until 1957. If this is true, it does not, of course, explain why the AEC did not ask Congress for authority to protect a public wholly unaware that it was being dosed with radiation.

At the 1958 conference on the pollution of the Animas River, Charles G. Caldwell, director of Environmental Sanitation Services at New Mexico's Department of Health, seemed surprised to learn that the AEC had only recently begun surveying the pollution problem. "We of the State Health Department in the past assumed the AEC was attending to this problem, or had some control, and that because of the nature of the National Defense Effort it was pretty well kept quiet."

To many of the foregoing criticisms, AEC spokesmen reply that the critics are misinformed or just don't understand. These spokesmen note that the AEC has no present plans for ocean dumping of high-level wastes, which are the only wastes that could substantially alter the radioactivity of the oceans. Furthermore, they say, the quantity of low-level wastes dumped to date in the Atlantic and Pacific is infinitesimal compared with the amount the British are piping into the Irish Sea. The N.A.S. report restricts the amount of strontium-90 that can be dumped at each site to 250 curies annually, and the waste dumped in shallow water near Cape Cod consists largely of one of the less dangerous radioactive elements. Finally, the AEC emphasizes that the N.A.S. report is merely advisory and that the AEC has no immediate need or intention

of conducting offshore dumping. (Whether this is also true of private industry under AEC license is not clear.) Nevertheless, the AEC would like the matter left to administrative fiat and opposes the Thompson bill, which would prohibit offshore dumping.

Proponents of the Thompson bill claim that once a precedent is set for dumping of wastes in shallower coastal waters, it will be a simple matter for the AEC gradually and quietly to increase the allowable amount over the years. In Great Britain 1,000 curies were originally piped into the Irish Sea each month; now the quantity has been raised to 10,000 curies monthly and some people have begun mentioning 25,000 or even 100,000 curies as the allowable monthly quota.

On the Beach

Although the British experience with offshore dumping of radioactive wastes is often cited by the AEC as reassuring, some of the facts and figures now available on this disposal operation provide reason for concern. In a report on "The Disposal of Radioactive Liquid Wastes into Coastal Waters," Dr. H. J. Dunster of the United Kingdom Atomic Energy Authority asserts: "In estimating the permissible activity of the shore sand, it has been assumed that no one regularly spends more than 100 hours per year on the sands. . . ."

This assumption may well be valid for English weather, but it simply does not apply here. In the Cape Cod area many people spend two or three hundred hours a year on the beach, and in Florida five hundred to a thousand hours annually would not be unusual, especially for children. Furthermore, young children tend to spend most of their playtime close to the water's edge, the very area where Dr. Dunster reports levels of radioactivity in silt more than a hundred times those he found on shore sand.

If the United States had poured liquid wastes into the sea exactly as the British have done since 1952 and under similar conditions, then taking the British figures as a guide, we find that by 1957 many beaches would have become the leading source of radiation exposure for millions of American children and adults. Children who played long hours near the water's edge would receive approximately one-half to two roentgens a year, or between five and twenty times the dose they receive from natural background radiation.

When the Atomic Energy Act of 1954 was passed, the very existence of radioactive waste was largely unknown to the public. This ignorance prevailed until about 1956 or later, because the majority of AEC reports on wastes were classified "secret" or "for official use only." The act provided opportunities for privately owned industries to enter the field of atomic energy,

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and many of these firms will naturally want to construct their reactors near their markets in heavily populated areas.

The present policy of the administration is apparently to encourage as wide a use of nuclear power here and abroad as possible. Whether such a policy is based on realistic need is a serious question. One answer was suggested by *Barron's* on February 8 in an article entitled "Nuclear Fizzle": "In 1957, after Suez was clamped shut, much of Europe looked to nuclear power as the only way to assure its energy supply. A scant three years later, oil is on tap in quantities exceeding current needs, and new sources are opening in the Sahara, Libya and West Africa. The once-feared shortage of coal has turned into a glut. Looming on the horizon, too, are generous supplies of natural gas. Not unnaturally, then, the members of Euratom have grown reluctant to invest large sums in atomic fission."

The Balance Sheet

This apparent slowing down of reactor development may provide an opportunity for Congress to reconsider the path we chose to take in 1954. Most of the present reactors in the United States are owned by the military or the AEC—the era of commercial power reactors is just beginning. We can still take a rational approach, carefully balancing social gains against social losses, instead of treating atomic power, almost mystically, as the inevitable wave of the future.

On the side of gains would certainly be the AEC's isotope program, which provides invaluable research aids to medicine, industry, and agriculture. But is the production of atomic power to be counted a gain when fossil fuels are far cheaper and still abundant? Is the construction of more and more atomic ships with their potential for mass disaster a gain? Perhaps the answer is "Yes." But shouldn't we at least ask the question?

For example, some sources predict three hundred fission-powered ships by 1975, dumping over a million curies of waste into the sea each year. Nuclear submarines and icebreakers have great and obvious advantages, but is it worthwhile to build merchant and passenger ships with atomic reactors? If the *Andrea Doria* had been nuclear-powered, millions of curies of radioactivity would have been released in the sea close to Nantucket, and very likely all the passengers would have been killed. To judge the effects on beaches and fish, we need only recall what our Bikini tests did to Japanese tuna.

Certainly, any careful weighing of the pros and cons of nuclear power will have to consider the very latest recommendations on "Somatic Radiation Dose for the General Population," just released by the National Committee on Radiation Protection and Measurements. Here are a few of the report's conclusions:

". . . even the smallest dose is associated with some risk. Under these circumstances, the exposure of the population to any increase in radiation should not occur unless there is reason to expect some compensatory benefits.

". . . we believe that the population permissible somatic dose from man-made radiations, excluding medical and dental sources, should not be larger than that due to natural background radiation, without a careful examination of the reasons for, and the expected benefits to, society from a larger dose.

"The levels should be set so that the typical person in the area will not receive more than the established permissible dose when all sources are combined."

The burden of these conclusions is that the maximum permissible dose for fallout, atomic waste, and all other man-made radiation, excluding medical X rays, should be no more than one-tenth of a roentgen annually, or a total of three roentgens for thirty years. Whether it will be possible to develop nuclear power on a large scale and still meet such a criterion is a question yet to be faced.

ONE MAJOR DEVELOPMENT could make all our problems about radioactive wastes academic. Many of the world's leading physicists believe that man's ultimate source of power will be atomic fusion rather than fission. There is a strong possibility that the power of a thermonuclear reaction (such as is utilized in the hydrogen bomb) can be tamed and harnessed—perhaps within the next two decades. Dr. Ralph E. Lapp has said: "Our brightest hope for future power is not the energy produced by nuclear fission, the splitting of heavy atoms like uranium. It is the energy produced in fusion, the joining together of light atoms." Happily, fusion power would produce no atomic wastes and for all practical purposes would be inexhaustible. One fuel that could be used for such energy is deuterium, a form of hydrogen found in sea water. According to an expert in the field, Dr. Lyman Spitzer, Jr., "The deuterium in the ocean's waters is sufficient to provide many times the present rate of world energy for more than a billion years." Technology may yet rescue us from technology, and the huge tanks of high-level waste may become relics of the crude science of the past.

Meanwhile, the nation stands committed to an expanding program of commercially produced fission power that will inevitably entail increasing levels of environmental radiation for the general public. Today, six years after we embarked on this program, our ignorance about the effects of relatively small doses of radiation on human beings is still profound—and much of what we have most recently learned gives cause for caution. Using the facts that are available to us today, we might do well to pose a few last questions before deciding irretrievably to set full sail on an uncharted course:

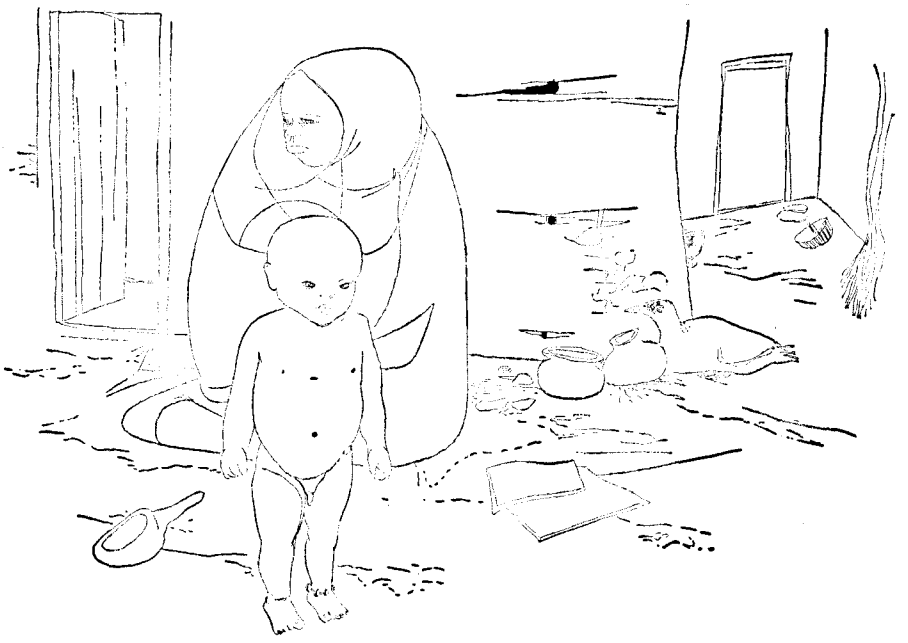
¶ Just how essential is a large-scale fission reactor program to enable us to meet our power needs over the next few decades?

¶ When do we actually expect to be faced with shortages of fossil fuels?

¶ Do we need some separate Federal regulatory agency, other than the AEC, to protect the public health from radiation hazards of both atomic waste and fallout?

Our answers to these and related questions will be better reasoned if we can free ourselves from the fatalistic notion that a complete changeover to fission power is inevitable. It is not too late at this point for us to reconsider old decisions and make new ones. For the moment at least, a choice is available.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Kenya's Course In 'The Winds of Change'

WILLIAM H. HESSLER

NAIROBI

ROLLING AWAY for two hundred miles to the north and west, beyond the Great Rift Valley, five thousand to eight thousand feet above sea level, are the "white highlands" of Kenya. The year round, they are warm but not humid by day and crisply cool by night. The equator cuts across their southern margin, and there is no cycle of seasons except for two intervals of frequent rains. It is a smiling country of rich red soil, good rainfall, and salubrious climate.

Until 1900, the highlands were occupied only by game animals and occasional Masai hunters. Today some four thousand European farmers, mainly British, live in the highlands, along with many Kikuyu who have moved in since the British gave them an assurance of protection against the lordly and sinister Masai. The white farmers grow very good tea, some of the world's best coffee, and fine cattle for milk and meat. With steady Kikuyu labor and their own skill and enterprise, these settlers and their fathers and grandfathers have remade Kenya.

At the turn of the century, it was a savage land of recurring tribal war, of witchcraft and violence and superstition. The wheel was unknown. Today there are twenty-five thousand miles of public roads, and the export trade is around $100 million. Nairobi itself is an African-Asian-English city of ultramodern buildings, off-street parking, Diesel buses, plush movie houses, parking meters, and American-style lunchrooms.

The four thousand planters, plus European businessmen and civil servants and their families, make up the 65,000 Europeans of Kenya. Add 165,000 Asians and 35,000 Arabs, and you have the quarter million people who virtually *are* the national economy of Kenya. But surrounding them and intermingled with them, on a quasi-segregated basis, mostly on strictly reserved tribal lands, are six million native Africans. Some have become good farmers; some have learned trades and are competing with the Sikhs, who quickly monopolized the skilled crafts. Some few have gone into trade, competing with the Hindus, who dominate small and middle-sized business. But in the main the Africans are outside the economy of Kenya. They merely subsist. The settlers pay three-fourths of the taxes, grow nearly all the exports; they have created the economy. But the country still *belongs* to the six million, however meager their equity in everything but square miles.

London's Choice

This has been the growing concern of the British Colonial Office. As the tidal wave of native African nationalism swept through the ranks of Kenya's thin layer of educated, articulate Africans, London had to make a fateful choice. Should it try to shore up the improvised structure of colonial government, with limited participation by whites, Asians, and Africans? Undoubtedly the economy of Kenya would benefit; and in the long run so would the whole population. Or should it simply bend pliantly before "the winds of change"—Harold Macmillan's memorable four-word summation of recent African history?

At the Kenya Constitutional Conference, held in London early this year, Britain's policy was clear from the first plenary session to the last. Kenya is an African country, ninety-six per cent peopled by Africans and only 1.2 per cent by Europeans. The 1.2 per cent may outweigh the ninety-six per cent in total productivity, as economists measure it. But in a time of headlong nationalism, sheer numbers of human beings count for more than output of salable goods in the eyes of the responsible policymakers whose predecessors repudiated imperialism decades ago.

Ghana was easy. When its solidly black population wanted to go on its own, London cheerfully agreed. Nigeria is taking a bit longer, because its people are split three ways. But Kenya was different. It was the first authentic test case in a British colony with a substantial white set-

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tlement and with an economy worth protecting.

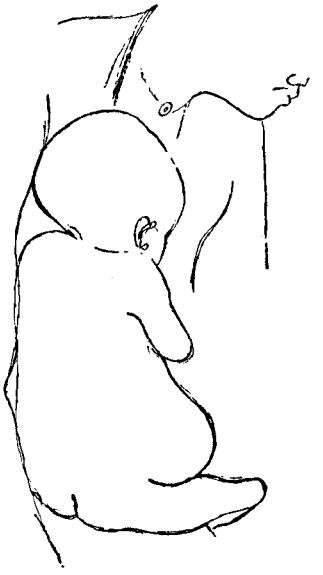
In independent South Africa, the die has been cast by the Boers—for white supremacy now, and no doubt a horrendous reckoning later. In largely self-governing Southern Rhodesia, it was too late to put a check-rein on the headstrong European minority. But Kenya was still different. Its settlers, and especially its business class, are moderate men. Despite the long, dark night of the Mau Mau terror (which killed about twenty whites and twenty thousand blacks), they have gotten along well with the Africans. As a consequence, Kenya's native leaders have been quite moderate too. Also, led by an earnest, dedicated settler named Michael Blundell, an influential group of Europeans, Asians, and Africans formed the New Kenya Party a year ago. Their goal was and is a multiracial state—a country and government in which each race can make its own appropriate contribution and share in opportunity.

IN SOME MEASURE, the ground was laid last December 15, when in a surprise move London authorized the governor of neighboring Tanganyika, Sir Richard Turnbull, to announce new elections and a broad measure of self-government effective this October, under a legislative council elected by a common roll—which means an African government. To be sure, of Tanganyika's nine million people only about 21,000 are Europeans. These are widely scattered and are mostly birds of passage anyway. Possibly 1,200 of them are really settled on their own land. Furthermore, Tanganyika has a remarkable record of cordial relations between the races. It also has in Julius K. Nyerere a single leader without opposition, a man of great intelligence and charm who reciprocates the tolerance and co-operation of the tiny European minority. But however different its circumstances, Tanganyika did pass the signal. In December, the white settlers of Kenya at least knew it could happen here.

And so the word came back from London. Each morning from late January onward, the *East African Standard* came on the street with three columns of conference news on page 1. The Africans were the predominant group in Kenya, said British Colonial Secretary Iain Macleod in his keynote speech, and theirs would be the predominant voice in the Kenya of tomorrow. It was as simple as that. Successive days of closed sessions brought further leaked revelations. Kenya was to have an African majority in its legislative council—probably thirty-seven out of sixty-five—by the end of 1960, with sundry safeguards for the transition period, and about five years later would have a fully responsible government—i.e., independence.

Alarm on the Highlands

Some settlers muttered, some fumed. There were mass meetings in protest, and resolutions. But the leaders and members of the United Party, the party of European dominance,



knew their protests were idle. Michael Blundell's New Kenya Party had cut the ground from under them by showing that a number of respected and responsible Europeans had faith in a multiracial state and were willing to take their chances with a predominantly African government.

Besides, the London conference was purely advisory. The new constitution of Kenya would be drafted in the Colonial Office in any case, and adopted by the British Parliament. The conference was called not for the guidance of the British government but in the hope of winning advance approval of the transitional constitution already planned.

On the white highlands there was rising alarm. Had the planters lived through the nightmare of the Mau Mau conspiracy only to be deserted by the home government and finally to be ousted lawfully by a black government at Nairobi? One sputtering exponent of the white man's burden assured me that every white farm in the highlands was for sale—at a price, of course. But later he added that he expected no trouble at all, no disorder.

Certainly there was no panic. The day the precise details of the colonial secretary's program were published, I talked with a diversity of Nairobi citizens, of all shades of color and opinion. The settlers were grim, some of them unbelieving. The businessmen were chagrined, but most of them were prepared to make the best of it in good spirit.

The apostles of a plural society in the New Kenya Party were glad to have it settled more or less along the lines they had sought. But they feared Macleod had gone too far in placating the Africans' demands. And they were already beginning to fret about a host of formidable problems—problems they knew all too well the African leaders had not even begun to consider. As for the Africans, the nationalists, they hardly recognized it as a victory, since they had failed to achieve either of their principal aims. Tom Mboya's "one man, one vote" had been sidetracked for a franchise restricted by literacy and property qualifications, holding the new electorate to less than one million. And "immediate independence" had been put off at least five years. In addition, ten of the sixty-five seats were reserved for Europeans, eight for Asians, and two for Arabs.

'Uhuru' Is Not Enough

Almost overnight—so final are the policy decisions of the Colonial Office—the concern of the European in Kenya shifted. He might still wonder vaguely about selling out and trying it in Southern Rhodesia—only to wind up speculating on the pointlessness of jumping from the frying pan of 1960 into the fire of 1965. More soberly, he is asking whether the Africans, so thirsty for *uhuru* —freedom—can rally enough com-

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

petence and judgment and experience to staff even the key posts of a modern democratic nation. He is also asking what will happen to the technical services, now manned by British civil servants, that are contriving new pesticides, developing better livestock strains, and supervising the reforestation that is so desperately needed in a country dangerously short of water.

More serious still, he is asking himself just how hard it will be to adjust to the status of a tolerated minority from that of a privileged elite. In large measure Kenya's future—its further economic progress and civil peace—hinges on two crucial factors. One is the foresight and tolerance of the African leaders, and their capacity to rise above the temptations of demagoguery in dealing with an ignorant, impatient following. They will urgently need the skills, the capital, and the energies of the 1.2 per cent who are today the foundation of the national economy; but they seem not to grasp fully the magnitude of that dependence. The other factor is the realism and sense of humor of the white settlers, who if they are to thrive in the new order must make themselves an acceptable minority—stripped of some prestige and all privilege, although immeasurably wealthier than the entire African mass whose leaders are succeeding to political dominance.

A Flair for Transition

Such a turning of the tables without violence would be impossible in Algeria—or in the Union of South Africa. In Tanganyika, on the other hand, it probably will be almost effortless, so great are the tolerance and mutual trust of the racial groups. Kenya, somewhere between, is a marginal case. It will take all the magnanimity the African, in his heady hour of triumph, can bring to bear and all the humility the European can muster.

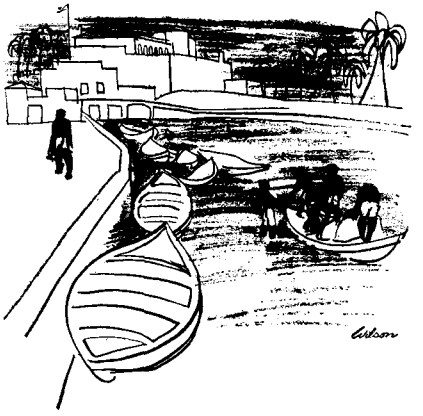
Unquestionably this would be too large an order but for the saving fact that the Colonial Office, back in London, will have an observant eye and a firm hand on every measure taken for five years to come. The agency that had 77,000 Mau Mau behind barbed wire five years ago is quite capable of bearing down with similar firmness on Africans or white settlers if either faction overreaches itself.

The policymakers of Britain are at their best in handling just such transitions; for in the climate of gradualism they have generated, every one of their colonies has been continuously in transition for the last half century. The pace has accelerated, but it is still the same process. Transition, at the Colonial Office, is an altogether normal state of affairs.

The Growth Of an African Power Bloc

ALLAN A. MICHIE

DURING the last three sessions of the U.N. General Assembly it has become clear that there is a new element in international diplomacy. It is the emergence of a distinctly African voice. A bloc of nine African nations now operates at the U.N. under the somewhat ponderous organization label of the Informal Permanent Machinery of the Independent African States. The member states—Ethiopia, Ghana, Guinea, Liberia, Libya, Morocco, Sudan, Tunisia, and the United Arab Republic



—shy from the word "bloc" and prefer to be known as the Independent African States or "the African group," but neither African modesty nor the Parkinsonian ring of the organization's title can disguise the fact that this newest of the power groups within the U.N. is certainly the most active and one of the most purposeful blocs now operating within the world organization. It has already changed the General Assembly's lineup.

Numerically, as U.N. blocs go, the African group is small at the moment, but as the pace of the continent's emergence from colonial rule quickens, so the influence of the African group will grow. Furthermore, Africa is the only continent from which new U.N. member states are likely to be created. With independence promised and U.N. membership certain in 1960 for four new African states—Cameroon, Togoland, Nigeria, and Somalia—the Africans are sure of thirteen votes this year, and the independence conceded by de Gaulle to the Mali Federation (Senegal and the Sudanese Republic) and the Malagasy Republic (Madagascar) will lead to a parade of states of the French Community into the African battalion at the U.N. The bloc might muster thirty votes by 1962.

Originally members of the Asian bloc (only three of the African states were members of the U.N. when that organization began), the Independent African States still vote on most occasions with the Asians as a bloc within a bloc, making the twenty-nine-nation combination the largest single pressure group within the U.N. Together, the Afro-Asians, if united, could muster a veto power in the Assembly, where two-thirds of the eighty-two-vote total is required for major decisions; and if they were to line up with the Soviet bloc (nine votes) and the Latin Americans (twenty votes), they could dominate the Assembly by commanding a more than two-thirds majority.

Conference at Accra

The successful welding of an African bloc at the U.N. is remarkable if only for the fact that a mere two

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

years ago, an African U.N. representative, rebuffed on a suggestion for joint action, lamented, "The African states can't even agree on the days of the week."

That was prior to the April, 1958, Accra Conference of Independent African States. The first of several precedent-setting international conferences that made 1958 the turning point in African history, the Accra Conference brought together in Ghana's capital city top-rank representatives from the then eight independent African nations. Called by Ghana's Prime Minister Nkrumah, primarily to add stature to his claim to leadership of black Africa, the conference was ostensibly designed to encourage African unity, accelerate the independence drive, and make the African voice and "personality" felt in international councils. Somewhat surprisingly, it managed to reach agreement on a number of issues and to recommend that informal permanent machinery be established so that the members could consult and co-operate on matters of common concern. Because not all the states were then represented at any one African capital whereas all were represented at the U.N., it was decided to make New York the meeting place. For another thing, New York offered a way around the language barrier: for all the talk of African federations, in fact few of the new nations have enough bilinguists for liaison with their neighbor states. At the U.N., where most of the delegates understand some English, this obstacle was overcome.

On May 7, 1958, Ambassador Daniel A. Chapman, then Ghana's permanent representative at the U.N. and the only U.N. delegate to attend the Accra meeting, called his African colleagues together in New York and reported to them on the conference. Some of the Africans, lacking instructions from their governments, had misgivings. There was some resentment at the initiative taken by Ghana, which Liberia and Ethiopia were inclined to regard as a pushful Johnny-come-lately on the African scene. The United Arab Republic, the only African state with a foot on two continents, also resented the role of Ghana, which it interpreted as another move by Nkrumah to head off President Nasser's claim to leadership of African nationalist aspirations. The Asian bloc, which has steadily lost cohesion after the emotional high point of the 1955 Bandung Conference, interpreted the first African meeting as the breakup of the Afro-Asian group and openly criticized the Africans for attempting to "go it alone."

Despite these suspicions, Ambassador Chapman, armed with the Accra Conference mandate, persisted and eventually the eight nations, with representatives of the Algerian rebel Front of National Liberation (F.L.N.) participating as observers, set up a co-ordinating body and a secretariat. The co-ordinating body is chaired by each African state in turn on a monthly basis and meets once each month or at any member's request. Ghana, Liberia, Tunisia, and the U.A.R. were elected to the secretariat for two-year terms, and a young Ghanaian diplomat, Yaw Turkson, was named the bloc's executive secretary.

The emergency session on Lebanon in the late summer of 1958 provided the Africans with their first opportunity to work as a bloc within the U.N., and they caucused regularly on their own and with the Asians. But it was a venture outside the U.N. that finally made the African representatives appreciate the bloc's effectiveness.

One of the Accra Conference recommendations was to enlist support of non-African countries for "a just and peaceful settlement in Algeria," i.e., for Algerian independence. Again Ghana's Chapman took the lead. An old U.N. hand, Chapman correctly diagnosed the Latin-American nations as the most likely to be wooed in favor of the Algerian rebels, for a number of reasons: the "Latinos" mistrust the great powers, are unwilling to follow invariably the U.S. lead as they did in the past, and are anxious to widen their friendships at the U.N. It was Chapman's proposal to send small "task forces" of African diplomats as official emissaries to visit South and Central American capitals in quick succession to plead the cause of Algerian independence and request support or at least abstention when the Algerian issue came up at the U.N. session late in 1958. Some governments were startled by the barnstorming techniques of African diplomacy, but the strenuous efforts paid off when the Algerian issue came to a vote that December. The resolution favoring Algeria's right to independence and calling for negotiations failed by only one vote to gain the required two-thirds majority—and many of the countries visited by the "task forces" abstained.

The Target Is France

Once the bloc was a going concern, Chapman quietly surrendered his initial leadership to avoid charges of domination. Other states, notably Liberia and Ethiopia, began to take a more active role. Most active of all, however, were the F.L.N. representatives, who frequently called on the bloc to present their case in U.N. bodies. The bloc provided an ideal umbrella for F.L.N. activities on this side of the Atlantic, and from the first meeting an Algerian representative has attended as a full member of the bloc. Only on purely U.N. affairs does the Algerian delegate revert to "observer" status within the bloc.

In the late summer of 1959 senior representatives of the African states, joined now by independent Guinea, met for a five-day conference in the Liberian capital of Monrovia to determine their tactics for the Fourteenth Assembly. Before the session was many days old it was obvious that France was to be the Africans' No. 1 target. However, the real issue between the Independent African States and the French—and one of the main motivations for the African bloc at the U.N.—was never discussed at the session, although it was always just beneath the surface. This is the French Community of twelve autonomous African republics, the very existence of which is a challenge to the I.A.S. The idea that African states should choose to remain in a community relationship to France is an affront to those African nationalists—especially Nkrumah and Sekou Touré of Guinea—who have insisted that African dignity demands complete independence.

The Independent African States are hopeful that breaking up the French Community into sovereign states will add to the African bloc at the U.N. as the new na-

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tions gain admission. It will also open new possibilities for alignments in the African power struggle. Nkrumah, for instance, is looking to the breakup of the French Community to bring him new allies to help offset the balance-of-power shift which is bound to follow Nigeria's independence. Touré, who led Guinea to reject de Gaulle's offer of autonomy within the French Community and opt for independence late in 1958, is also seeking new alignments among the emerging French republics, and on his U.N. visit last fall was openly contemptuous of his African colleagues—"second-class Africans"—who have accepted less than complete independence from the French.

THE ALGERIAN representatives, either M'Hammed Yazid, minister of information of the rebel government, or Abdelkader Chanderli, head of the F.L.N. New York office, are so much an accepted part of the bloc that they are courted and sought out by other U.N. members even though they have no official status in the organization. As the issues have shifted, however, so has the leadership within the bloc, and no one African diplomat can claim to dominate the nine-nation group.

The U.A.R.'s chief delegate, Omar Loutfi, pushed himself to the forefront during the 1958 Lebanon-Jordan crisis and still assiduously courts his black African colleagues in the bloc. But with south-of-the-Sahara states (Ethiopia, Ghana, Guinea, Liberia, Sudan) outnumbering the Arab states (Libya, Morocco, Tunisia, U.A.R.), Loutfi cannot assert his claim to leadership too strongly.

Ghana's Ako Adjei, who has the advantage of having the permanent secretariat of the Independent African States under his wing in Accra, tried to assert his titular claim to leadership at the outset of the session. But Adjei was compelled by cabinet duties to return to Ghana early in the session, and his second in command—Ambassador Alex Quaison-Sackey, a young political appointee who replaced Chapman last September—lacks both U.N. and high-level international experience. Also, any attempt by the Ghanaians to be too obvious in their claims to leadership is met by resentment from the other Africans.

Taming Mr. Menon

During the session, the African bloc members caucused regularly with the Asians, and the I.A.S. secretariat worked in liaison with the Asian group, but these meetings frequently ended in flare-ups that threatened the Afro-Asian alliance.

One of the most spectacular quarrels centered on the attitude of India, as leader of the Asians, and the prickly personality of the head of the Indian delegation, Defense Minister V. K. Krishna Menon. India's influence in the Afro-Asian alliance has repeatedly been thrown on the side of moderation, and last October Menon personally failed to support the African bloc's demand that South Africa be haled before the International Court of Justice for its administration of South-West Africa. Again, the Asians—led by India—overruled the African members of the joint bloc and substituted milder language in the African resolution condemning France's nuclear test plans. India, charged the Africans, was simply "playing up" to the colonial powers. The Africans took reprisals against India by failing to back its candidacy for election to the Economic and Social Council, enabling Japan to win.

An alarmed Menon sought to reach an understanding with Sekou Touré, who thereupon treated Menon to a ninety-minute monologue, a rare experience for India's long-winded diplomat. At the end, Touré left no doubt that if India wanted to retain the friendship of the new African states it would have to vote down the line on colonial matters.

Thereafter to the end of the session India's attitude, outwardly at least, underwent a change. Menon lashed out against de Gaulle's plan for Algeria and supported the Africans in their abortive attempt to get the U.N. to urge the French to recognize the F.L.N. as the government of Algeria.

Despite India's reappraisal of its position, other Asian states held back—Turkey, Iran, Japan, Laos, Cambodia, and Thailand declined to back their African colleagues on the Algerian issue—and the ill feelings and strained relationships persisted to the end of the session.

ALTHOUGH the Africans aim to be unanimous in their own bloc, they do not agree on all issues and a number of controversial intrabloc problems lie ahead. Two members of the bloc, Tunisia and the U.A.R., have severed diplomatic relations and speak only in the privacy of the U.N. A bitter border quarrel is brew-

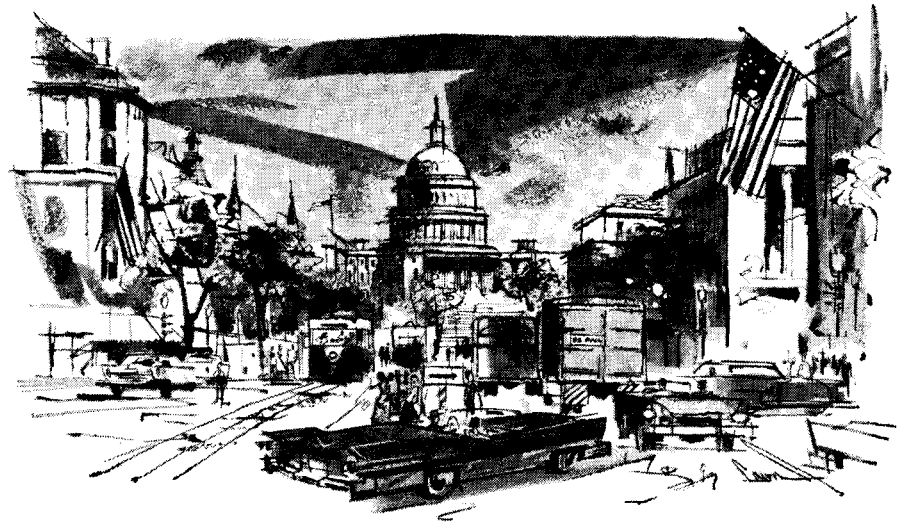
PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing between Ethiopia and Somalia and may lead to armed conflict. Egypt and the Sudan have an unresolved border dispute. Liberia and Guinea are at loggerheads over the rich iron-ore deposits on their common border.

Nkrumah and Touré, ostensibly united and pledged to join this year with Liberia in a Community of Independent African States, are jealous of each other's successes and are bent —each for reasons of his own—on breaking up the French Community and forming new alliances with the independent parts that emerge. Liberia, alarmed at the prospect that the coming struggle for power in Africa will be settled by military means, has prudently signed a military defense pact with the U.S. Meanwhile the emergence of Nigeria this year as an independent state, the largest and most populous on the continent, will transform the political balance of Africa and overshadow both Nkrumah's Ghana and his pretensions to leadership of black Africa.

These power struggles may in time splinter the African bloc at the U.N., but for the present it is held together by a spirit of compromise and the experience almost all the member nations have shared: a hatred of European colonialism.

THE ASIANS at the U.N. were a heterogeneous group drawn together only by their opposition to colonialism; as freedom spread rapidly through most of Asia, the group lost much of its cohesion. No such immediate prospect confronts the African nations. Given the difficulties the British, French, and Belgians are experiencing in giving up colonial rule, the determination of the Spaniards and Portuguese to hold on to what they have, and the steady march of South Africa toward a race war, anti-colonialism may enable the African nations to plaster over their differences for some years to come. And they have the quiet satisfaction of knowing that as each territory reaches statehood in the gradual liquidation of colonial empires it will swell the African bloc. In the United Nations, itself a gigantic mirror held up to the world, the African image will loom steadily larger and larger.



Humphrey vs. Kennedy: High Stakes in Wisconsin

SANDER VANOCUR

IT WAS 5:45 on the morning of February 16, and Jack Kennedy was standing in his fur-lined boots outside the Oscar Meyer meat-packing plant in Madison, Wisconsin, shaking the hands of workers as they filed through the main gate. He looked about as happy as a candidate could look at such an hour.

The Wisconsin Presidential primary race had begun the night before, when Hubert Humphrey, bleary-eyed and weary from more than a week of campaigning in the West, stood up before a dinner of Wisconsin farmers in Madison and told them that Kennedy's farm voting record was not as pure as his.

Through a series of political circumstances, the Wisconsin primary has become the most important primary in this election year. Kennedy and Humphrey have chosen it, or it has chosen them, as the time and the place where their respective Presidential ambitions will be tested.

There are thirty-one delegate votes at stake in Wisconsin's primary, which will be held on April 5. One vote is divided between the national committeeman and the national committeewoman, and this vote is now reported split between Kennedy and Humphrey. There are ten Congressional districts, worth two and a half votes apiece. The winner of the state-wide popular vote gets the remaining five delegate votes. Until recently, each district was worth two delegate votes, with the winner of the popular vote picking up the remaining ten. But at a meeting of the state Democratic committee in January, Humphrey supporters outvoted Kennedy supporters to change this.

The Kennedy supporters screamed "vote steal!" and tried hard to raise the ghost of the Eisenhower-Taft battle in Texas in 1952. But Kennedy himself was less aroused than his supporters, and he made it clear that his main interest was not in the delegate vote anyway, but rather in racking up an impressive popular-vote margin over Humphrey in an effort to convince the Democratic leaders that he is the man who can take Nixon in November.

Candidates' Reasoning

There is a certain irony in the fact that Humphrey and Kennedy should be engaged in such a life-or-death battle. Both are young, both are liberal, and both are working the same side of the political street. By thus clashing, perhaps to no conclusive end, they could tear each other to tatters and open the way for the party to nominate Stuart Symington,

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Lyndon Johnson, or perhaps Adlai Stevenson.

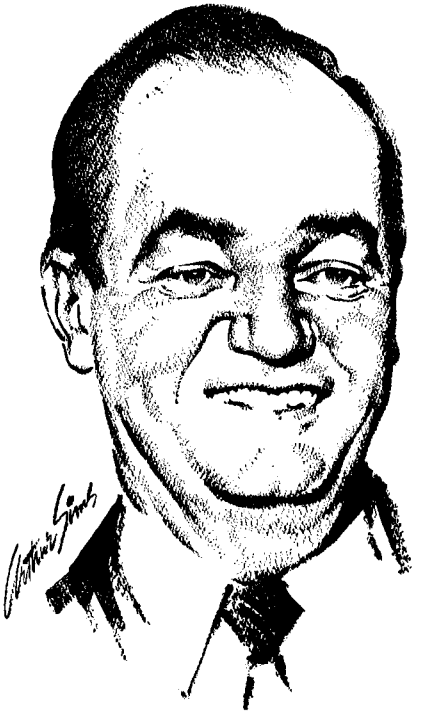
Kennedy is certain that an impressive victory in Wisconsin would assure him the support of Governor Williams and Walter Reuther in Michigan, just about wrap up the New York delegation, and put strong pressure on fellow Catholic Governor David Lawrence of Pennsylvania, who is not certain that a Catholic would be an asset at the polls in a Presidential race. Line up these key states, raise the specter in California of Lyndon Johnson getting the nomination if he doesn't, and Kennedy is home on the first or second ballot. But if he loses badly in Wisconsin, in both the delegate and the popular vote, then the game is just about up. So the reasoning goes.

Humphrey's supporters tell reporters that he will have to score heavily in Wisconsin; that if he loses to Kennedy in the highly populated and heavily Catholic areas in and around Milwaukee and thus runs behind him in the state-wide popular vote, he will have to win more than half the delegate votes to stay in the race as a contender.

Humphrey reportedly accepted this estimate of the situation. But during the first two weeks in February he went campaigning in the West, got a tremendous reception from Western Democrats assembled at Albuquerque, New Mexico, stole the show at a meeting of the Democratic Clubs of California at Fresno, and shook loose some Stevenson money in Los Angeles. Humphrey returned a changed man and he now apparently believes that even if he finishes behind Kennedy in the popular vote in Wisconsin but picks up a creditable number of delegate votes, he still stands a chance of going into the convention with around two hundred votes, especially if he beats Kennedy in the West Virginia primary in May, a state that he feels is tailor-made for his kind of campaigning. If he holds his own in the early stages of the convention and if it becomes clear by the fourth or fifth ballot that Kennedy is being denied the prize, he may then move in, and pick up Kennedy support among the Northern delegations plus a number of votes among the Western states, especially California.

It is impossible, or perhaps just plain risky, to make predictions about how this primary will turn out. Wisconsin is a state where the voters rejoice in being unpredictable. A McCarthy takes the seat of a La Follette and a Proxmire takes the seat of a McCarthy. If you can trust the word of pollsters and reporters, Kennedy seems to be ahead of Humphrey. One thing is certain. Organization will play a major role in this campaign.

WISCONSIN, like California, has never had much of a Democratic party organization. The Democrats only recently returned to power on



a state-wide basis, and the state, because of its earlier commitment to the La Follettes' Progressive Party, has a deserved reputation for political independence.

There is simply no question that Kennedy has a better organization in Wisconsin than Humphrey. To a great degree, this is a product of money. No one will ever know what Kennedy and his family have spent in Wisconsin and in the rest of the nation to further the senator's Presidential ambitions. Humphrey has challenged Kennedy to produce the figures for the past two years.

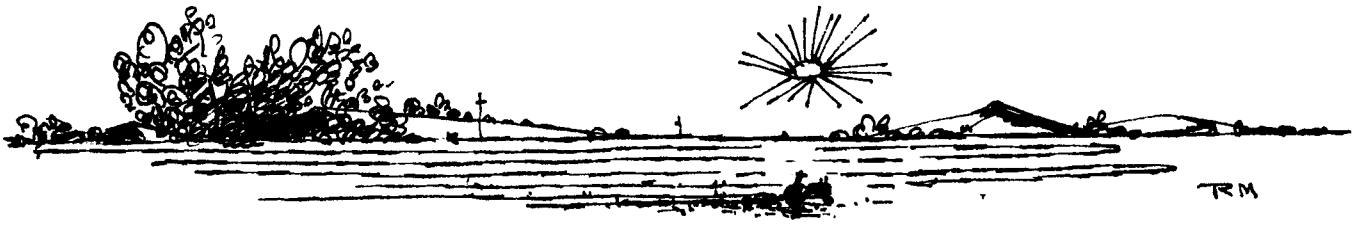
This was in answer to an earlier Kennedy challenge to Humphrey to put a Wisconsin campaign limitation on expenditures for radio, television, billboard, and newspaper advertising. The challenge was issued because Kennedy and his supporters are convinced that Humphrey is not so poor as he makes out. The Humphrey supporters said the Kennedy proposal would mean very little at this late stage of the campaign. They claimed the basic work for this campaign had already been done by Kennedy's people and was now paying off.

In town after town, the Kennedy organization is producing bigger crowds for Kennedy than the Humphrey organization is turning out for Humphrey. The Kennedy organization is using pretty much the same tactics that worked so well for Kennedy in his campaigns for the Senate in Massachusetts. Women get on the phone at least a week before Kennedy is scheduled to arrive in their town. (Humphrey supporters say they are paid "volunteers." A Kennedy aide says they are volunteers in the strictest sense of the word, that Kennedy has more volunteers in Wisconsin than he knows what to do with.) Democrats and Republicans are called, and invited to a reception for Senator and Mrs. John F. Kennedy. The pitch, like the candidate, is low-key. It's a reception they're being invited to, not a political rally.

'High Hopes'

In predominantly Republican Fond du Lac, during the first week of Kennedy's intensive campaigning in February, more than two thousand persons came to an evening meeting to hear him. I talked to one woman, an Irish Catholic Republican, who said she had worked with forty other local ladies for two weeks to make arrangements for the meeting. The candidate stood up to speak. At this meeting, as in others, he is engaging and handsome. That he is tough, detached, completely realistic about himself and others, and perhaps as ruthless as any Boston ward leader does not come through. He jokes a bit at the start but not too much. He quotes liberally during his speeches, everyone from Disraeli to Robert Frost. But when he speaks, even from a text, he gets through in a hurry and seems almost anxious to sit down. His audience is not exhausted. When he answers questions, he makes his point quickly and is almost never evasive. In Wisconsin,

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



where agricultural problems are important, he makes no apologies for once having voted for flexible farm supports. He admits that he was wrong but says that at the time he thought they should have been given a chance.

ACTUALLY, there is not much need to do a great deal of advertising for Kennedy. Nearly everyone knows him. When he walks down a street and says "How do you do, my name is Jack Kennedy," the introduction is usually superfluous. As he comes into the various towns, a loudspeaker truck cruises the streets and the Kennedy campaign song, a variation on "High Hopes" sung by Frank Sinatra, blares forth. It's catchy, it's bouncy, and sounds just the right note for a candidate who has high hopes and thinks he has every reason to believe they will be realized. There's an aura of unmistakable confidence about the whole campaign.

Kennedy's attractive young wife, Jackie, travels with him, looking slightly bewildered but still eminently attractive. On this first trip, the senator also had his sister Eunice, up from Chicago. Eunice, married to R. Sargent Shriver, who also may do some campaigning in Wisconsin, is a veteran of campaigns in Massachusetts. She has a sure political touch, especially with old ladies. Behind the scenes in Wisconsin, attracting little publicity but constantly on the move, is brother Robert, doing a job of political organization that Jim Farley might well envy. Also on hand from time to time is younger brother Teddy. It's difficult to tell whether or not this Kennedy family invasion will help or hurt the senator's chances. From all appearances, it is a plus factor.

Uphill All the Way

The Humphrey organization started out as a shambles. In part, it was a question of money. But it was also the result of his supporters in Wisconsin not having a clue about political organization or how best to display their candidate to advantage. It got so bad by the end of the first week of campaigning in February that an SOS went out to Minnesota's Governor Orville Freeman, who sent in organizers from the Democratic-Farmer-Labor Party, the organization that Humphrey, Freeman, and Eugene McCarthy built into one of the most effective political units in the country.

But it is doubtful whether they will be able to do enough in the short time remaining. The mystifying question, which not even Humphrey seems able to answer, is why they were not in Wisconsin earlier. They knew that they did not have the kind of money Kennedy had to spend in Wisconsin. They knew that the Democrats in Wisconsin had no great record of political organizing. They knew that their candidate was not as widely known as Kennedy. Why, then, did they wait until it was so late?

At the start of Humphrey's campaign, on a Saturday morning in Milwaukee, he turned up at a Milwaukee hotel to speak to Negro clergymen and local leaders of the N.A.A.C.P. only to find that no room had been reserved for the occasion. One was finally found, but that sort of thing would never have happened to Kennedy.

When Humphrey had finished what reporters thought was a brilliant speech, his supporters took him on a round of tours of shopping centers in the Milwaukee area. At one shopping center, he stood with a local Cherry Queen and a rather seedy-looking George Washington to pass out free sample cans of Wisconsin cherries. He met a few hundred people in the process and found he was doing better than he had expected among the Polish Catholic voters of South Milwaukee. But it was a question whether more people stood in line to get the free samples or to meet Hubert Humphrey.

Later that day, Humphrey spoke to about three hundred persons gathered at a district convention to select a Humphrey slate of delegates in the primary. There, with only a few notes on a piece of paper—Humphrey is a text deviate who cannot read a speech that's written out for him—he outlined the Humphrey bill of rights, the things he would give to Americans in the 1960's if he were elected President. It was an impressive performance, but Humphrey was preaching to the converted. The other Democrats, the not so ardent ones and the independents, are not turning out to hear him.

If Humphrey is to gain the prize he seeks, he may have to do it by himself and with the help of his wife, Muriel, who has been campaigning for him in Wisconsin and has been well received everywhere. Humphrey is certainly able, he is a superb orator, and he has almost superhuman energy. He has often been called Wisconsin's third senator because he has fought the good fight for the state's farmers and for its workingmen.

BY WHATEVER LAWS of political logic there are, Humphrey should, on paper, have a greater appeal to the voters of Wisconsin than Kennedy, even though the state has a large Catholic vote. Right now, however, Humphrey appears to be trailing Kennedy. This may be no more than one reporter's subjective impressions after seeing both men campaign in the state. It may be that organization means less than personality and a candidate's approach to the issues. It may be that Humphrey's ebullient personality will be more attractive to the voters of Wisconsin than Kennedy's boyish charm. It may be that the Kennedy family's massive intervention in Wisconsin politics or the funds at his disposal will work against Kennedy's prospects. But in this state, where Humphrey should be as strong as he is in his own neighboring Minnesota, his battle now seems all uphill.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Could a Protestant Have Beaten Hoover in 1928?

RICHARD HOFSTADTER

My generation was raised upon the cliché that no Catholic can be elected to the Presidency. This cliché is based upon one historical experience—Al Smith's losing campaign in 1928, during which the notion that a Catholic cannot be elected was often referred to as an "unwritten law."

Those who are still convinced that the unwritten law exists find the case of Al Smith conclusive. A few undeniable facts fit their argument. In a massive campaign, waged partly in the open and partly at the level of whispers and snickers, Smith's religion was used against him. This intolerance was repudiated by his opponent, but no one doubts that it affected many voters, and that hundreds of thousands, especially in the South and Middle West, voted against Smith partly or largely on this account. He lost the electoral votes of states in the Solid South that no Democratic candidate since the Civil War had ever come close to losing. He was overwhelmed by Hoover at the polls, receiving 40.8 per cent of the total popular vote as compared to Hoover's 58.1 per cent. He had only eighty-seven electoral votes to Hoover's 444, and in this respect no Democrat since the days of Jackson had fared so badly.

Although historians and political scientists have been careful in their generalizations about the role of religion in the outcome of the 1928 campaign, glib conclusions have been drawn in popular legend, and even among the educated public. Only recently William E. Bohn, writing in the *New Leader*, said of Smith: "He was defeated for the worst of reasons—because he was a Catholic." Absurd as it is, this notion has been too seldom challenged in public discussion. A little thoughtful attention to the history of the 1920's will convince almost any student that there was not a Democrat alive, Protestant or Catholic, who could have beaten Hoover in 1928.

The overwhelming character of Hoover's victory should itself suggest to us that the religious issue may not have been decisive. If the election had been very close in a number of decisive states, it might be easier to believe that the religious issue had tipped the balance and given the victory to Hoover. In fact, so far as the electoral vote is concerned, we know only that religious bias swung the votes of Florida and Texas and four normally or invariably Democratic

states of the upper South into Hoover's column. But if Smith had won the electoral votes of all these states, he would still have been very far from winning. Even if he had then also added the few Northern states in which he ran reasonably well (that is, where he had forty-five per cent or more of the major-party vote), his electoral vote would still have been only half as large as Hoover's.

My contention is not that the religious issue was unimportant in the campaign, but that it worked both ways. The prime fallacy in the popular view of the 1928 election lies in noticing only what Smith lost from the religious issue and ignoring what he may have gained. Of course the number of voters who were decisively influenced by the religious issue is something that eludes exact measurement. But it is vital to remember that there are two such imponderables to be considered: not only the number of voters who voted *against* Smith but also the number who voted *for* him because of his religion. Smith's Catholicism, a grave liability in some areas, was a great asset in others. He made about as good a showing as could have been expected from any Democrat that year. Taken by itself, his religion proves nothing conclusively about the effect of Catholic adherence on a future Presidential candidacy.

Perhaps the most helpful way of isolating the significance of the religious issue in 1928 and chopping it down to size would be to imagine the difficulties the Democratic nominee would have had to face that year if he had been a Protestant.

Hoover, 'The Wonder'

Above all, the Democrats were confronted with the overwhelming fact of prosperity. After seven years of Republican control, the golden glow was glowing more brightly than ever before. The business index was approaching its 1929 peak at the time the election took place, and the number of unemployed, though growing considerably, was only a little more than three per cent of the total labor force. In the history of the Presidency since 1892, no incumbent party has been turned out of power without the jarring effect of a depression, a war, or—as in 1912—a party split. Polls under Roosevelt, Truman, and Eisenhower have shown that the popularity of a President in peacetime tends to fluctuate along with the business cycle. In the autumn of 1928 the business cycle was voting Republican.

A second consideration working against the Democrats—one easily forgotten by Americans who have come to political maturity after 1930—was the immense prestige of Herbert Hoover. The dour, ultraconservative image of Mr. Hoover that is called up in the minds of his critics in both parties today was not the conventional image before the Great Depression. A successful relief administrator during the First World War, Hoover had won universal acclaim as an effective humanitarian. John Maynard Keynes had written of him that he was "the only man who emerged from the ordeal of Paris with an enhanced reputation." Both parties had hoped to have him in their ranks in 1920, much as both would have welcomed Eisenhower in 1948. It is one of the amusing ironies of our history that Franklin D. Roosevelt had hoped to promote him

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for the Presidency in 1920. "He is certainly a wonder," F.D.R. wrote in January of that year, "and I wish we could make him President of the United States. There could not be a better one."

As Secretary of Commerce, Hoover was one of the Cabinet members who survived the disaster of the Harding administration with a reputation largely untainted and undimmed. Even the liberals, though disappointed by his attitudes on several public questions, still kept an open mind about him, and some thought of him as one of the more progressive leaders of his party. Hoover's record inspired confidence that he would be an excellent custodian of prosperity. He took over the Republican standard from Coolidge with what appeared to be rosy prospects.

A THIRD and strangely unremembered aspect of the 1928 candidacy was the hopeless condition of the Democratic Party when Smith took it over. Since the days of Bryan and McKinley the Democratic Party had been almost a permanent minority party. Between 1896 and 1908, no Democratic Presidential candidate had won more than 45.9 per cent of the total popular vote, and Woodrow Wilson's election in 1912 had been possible only because of the Republican split between Taft and Theodore Roosevelt. Elected as a minority President in 1912, with 41.8 per cent of the popular vote, Wilson was very narrowly re-elected in 1916, partly on the strength of his progressive achievements, and partly because of his success thus far in staying out of the war. Our entry into the war, the unpopularity of the peace, and the sweeping reaction against Wilson and all those associated with him left the postwar Democratic Party in ruins. As measured by the popular vote, the victory recorded by Harding over Cox in 1920 was the most decisive victory ever scored by a Presidential candidate.

Already deprived of the allegiance of almost two-thirds of the voting public in 1920, the Democrats themselves reduced their party to a shambles in 1924. Here the religious issue played a major part, but one that cannot be disentangled from related issues. The Democrats came to their 1924 convention sharply divided between the rural, dry, Protestant anti-Tammany contingent supporting Wilson's son-in-law William G. McAdoo and the urban, immigrant, Catholic, wet contingent supporting Smith. They wrangled furiously over a resolution condemning the Ku Klux Klan, and in the end narrowly failed to adopt it. The Smith and McAdoo forces fell into such an interminable Donnybrook that it became clear that the nomination would be worthless to the man who got it. John W. Davis, who was finally settled upon at the 103rd ballot by an exhausted mob of delegates, was unable in his campaign to exploit effectively even the ghastly scandals of the Harding administration. The support of most liberals that year went to Robert M. La Follette, who polled 4,892,000 votes on an independent ticket. Davis polled only 8,385,000, against Coolidge's 15,718,000.

Although the Democrats still held a respectable contingent in Congress, it seemed that for all practical purposes the two-party system had ceased to function at the level of Presidential politics. The outcome of the mid-term Congressional elections of 1926 confirmed the general impression that the country was overwhelmingly Republican. Normally, the party in power expects to lose a substantial number of seats in these off-year elections. In the five mid-term elections from 1906 to 1922, for instance, the average loss had been sixty seats. In 1926 the Republicans lost only ten seats. In the summer of the following year F.D.R. confided to Josephus Daniels that he thought no Democrat could win in 1928 if "the present undoubted general prosperity continues."

ROOSEVELT'S view was shared by most informed observers. Frank R. Kent, the veteran journalist and historian of the Democratic Party, pointing out that it was "without unity, intelligence, or courage . . . without leaders, without an issue or policy or program," had stated in 1926 that "no one capable of clear political judgment now believes it can be vitalized sufficiently to put up a formidable fight in the next Presidential campaign unless a political miracle occurs." Walter Lippmann observed that the Republicans could go into any campaign "knowing that normally there are enough Republicans to win. They do not have to convert anybody, but merely to prevent about ten per cent of their supporters from backsliding." In 1927 Lippmann thought (quite rightly) that Smith, though a losing candidate, would be the best the Democrats could find, and that "the best way for the Democrats to look at 1928 is to look beyond to 1932." After Smith's nomination, Lippmann remarked that the New Yorker had inherited nothing more than a party label, a small core of electoral votes, "two warring factions bound together by no common ideas," and a party "as nearly bankrupt intellectually as it is possible to be." Smith's task, he said, "is to re-create the Democratic party."

An anonymous "Democrat" writing in the *Century* magazine pointed out that practically every commentator who had written on the subject started from the premise that the Donkey was sick. The Democrats, he said, "know perfectly well that the Donkey can not win," and were thinking only of finding a Presidential candidate who could help their local tickets. He advised that the party give up altogether the goal of winning the Presidency and concentrate for the moment on capturing Congress, where it still had at least a chance. This was the situation that any Democratic nominee had to cope with in 1928.

Brown Derby

Finally, it should be remembered that in addition to their other handicaps the Democrats had no good issue. The tariff bores most voters, especially during prosperity. Prohibition did not bore them, and its failure was a usable issue in some areas, but a firm wet stand still seemed likely to lose more votes than it would gain. There were, of course, pockets of economic discontent. The most important of these was among farmers. Unfortunately, the most outspoken defenders of the farmers' interests outside the South were chiefly Republican insurgents in Congress who (with the exception of George W. Norris) were not bolting their party in a winning year.

A Midwestern Democrat might have done better than Smith in the

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

farm areas, but it would have been difficult for any Eastern city Democrat to capitalize on the farm problem. F.D.R. had remarked in 1927 that he did not believe the Western farmers would vote Democratic "in sufficient numbers [for a Democratic victory] even if they are starving." Here his sectional and urban background was quite as much a handicap for Smith as his religion. It was difficult to persuade farmers that the man from the sidewalks of New York understood or felt deeply about their problems. Cartoons of Smith in his brown derby and a gaudy tie peering over a farm fence were more formidable than anything the New Yorker could say on the farm problem. (This was a handicap which F.D.R. was able to overcome four years later, not merely because his upstate residence and his tree farm helped establish the image of a rural squire, but also because he had spent years traveling and cultivating political friendships in the agricultural states.)

If we suppose, then, that a Protestant had been nominated by the Democrats in 1928, what could his supporters realistically have expected? They might have hoped that, aside from helping some local candidacies, he could do three things: hold the minimal areas of Democratic strength, exploit residual areas of discontent to extend Democratic influence, and finally wage his campaign in such spirit and with such effectiveness as to restore the unity of the party and strengthen its morale for future campaigns. Smith did not, of course, succeed in the first of these, since he lost states in the Solid South. His failure here was what showed up on the electoral charts. Relatively unnoticed (though not unnoticed by Smith himself) was that he far exceeded what might have been expected on the second of these objectives, and that he did extremely well on the third.

The Warrior's Fight

Smith's showing is impressive when compared with that of his two postwar predecessors. The Democratic Presidential vote, which had been 9,128,000 for Cox and had sunk to 8,385,000 for Davis, was raised by Smith to 15,016,000. Cox had had only 34.1 per cent of the popular vote, Davis 28.8 per cent. After these two disastrous campaigns, the "Happy Warrior," in restoring his party's percentage to 40.8 per cent, had at least brought it to within hailing distance of the "normal" Democratic minority vote of the prewar years. The fact that he outdistanced his two predecessors by this much should arouse our curiosity about the sources of his gains.

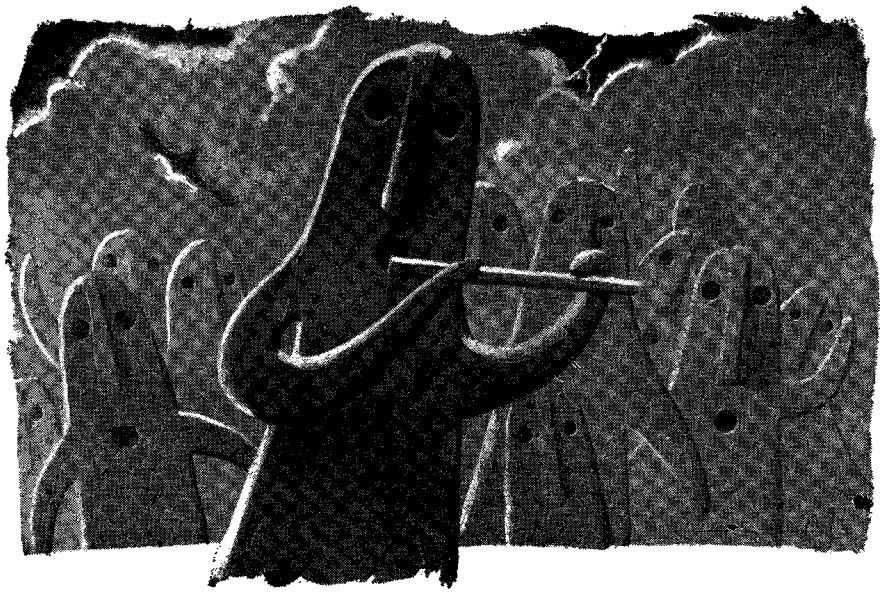
Both 1928 candidates were immensely successful in overcoming voter apathy and bringing the public

out to the polls. In 1924 only 51 per cent of the eligible voters had turned out; in 1928 it was 67.5 per cent—a striking show of interest for a year of prosperity. If we compare Smith with his Democratic predecessor and Hoover with his Republican predecessor, we find that the Democratic vote rose by 6,631,000 from Davis to Smith and the Republican vote rose by 5,673,000 from Coolidge to Hoover. Smith thus gained almost a million more votes for his party than Hoover did. He gained seventy-six per cent over Davis's vote and sixty-four per cent over Cox's. By comparison, Hoover gained thirty-six per cent on Coolidge and thirty-two per cent on Harding.

If Smith's religion had hurt him as badly on a nation-wide scale as we are expected to believe, it seems incredible that he should thus have outgained Hoover. In broad outline, what happened seems reasonably clear. There was a Catholic vote as well as a Protestant vote. (Neither, of course, can be isolated and measured with finality, because they were parts of a Catholic-wet-immigrant complex and a Protestant-dry-nativist complex.) Even though the country was two-thirds Protestant, Catholic voters were animated in equal or greater numbers to turn out and vote. Many of them were from the immigrant stocks that had poured into the country by the millions before the First World War, and among them there were large numbers of new citizens who had never before been sufficiently excited by unfamiliar American domestic issues to bring them out to the polls. The number of previously unactivated Smith voters seems to have been much larger than the number of unactivated Hoover voters. But the distribution of the newly activated Protestant-dry voters and Catholic-wet voters was such that Smith lost some Southern votes in the electoral college. This, together with the overwhelming nature of the returns, obscured what he did achieve.

Not the least of Smith's achievements was to unify and remold his party. In the recent past the Democratic Party, under the leadership of men like Bryan, Wilson, and Cox, had been based mainly upon strength in the agrarian South and West. The Republican Party, as measured by the distribution of urban seats in Congress and popular votes in Presidential campaigns, had been the dominant metropolitan party. Even in his losing campaign, however, Smith turned the normally huge Republican pluralities in the twelve largest cities into a slender Democratic plurality. He brought into the voting stream of the Democratic Party ethnic groups that had never taken part in politics and others that had been mainly Republican. He extricated his party from its past dependence on agrarian interests and made it known to the great urban populations. He lost a campaign that had to be lost, but in such a way as to restore his party as an effective opposition and to pave the way for the victories of F.D.R. While he had to pay a political price for his religion, it must also be counted among the personal characteristics that made these achievements possible.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Get Back to Me Soonest

A Short Story

ANDY LEWIS

To: Expediters
FROM: Chairman, Project Nestor
SUBJECT: B-Work Concept

FELLOWS, this is another of those midnight memos. You'd think a man my age would know when to sleep. But here I am and I guess I'll just tape along. After all, I say to myself, what's the use of being in this special advisory capacity if you don't advise? Of course you're the first team out there, and I may be a little off my card talking about B-work, and besides that you probably know all about it already. But it's on my mind a little. And after all, I've lived a long life as a teamman; I don't mind jumping a few circuits now and then. It's not the organization setup that counts, really, it's the *people*. Where the hell was I?

Yes, well I got to thinking about B-work this evening. Busiwork. I got to thinking about the way we set it up, back then. In secret naturally—it had to be secret. But then also I got to wondering how many of us were left to know that secret. Where's Malloy 4 now, for instance, where's 518-5 with his wonderful smile, or even that snappish little 2-Pirgov, or old Double R? Oh, we were giant teams in those days: we thought big, we thought fast, and we saw New Age for what it was. Primarily a selling job.

But anyway *then* I thought, what if no one's left and no one knows, and there's B-work concept still running on like an open faucet in an empty house? It brought me up standing. Someone better get in there and check the thing.

I'll tell you what to do—you'll see if I speak empty memos. Code out Plannerteam records for the '80's on an Access A ticket—I'm sure it's the '80s—sub Econ sub Egghead (our own little joke). You'll find it right there somewhere. Looking back, it was all a case simply of that old growth ratio —geometric. But looking back is easy. All we could see at the time was that suddenly automatic control was getting organized and taking over faster and giving the body politic more of a bashing than we'd counted on. Humanwise what it meant was that the world was overstocked with perfectly well-intentioned and not very bright people who'd got born once and now had nothing to do. They began what we called "ghosting." They'd mow their lawns for a while; then by twos and threes and fours they'd start drifting back toward their old haunts. I used to see them, as I went back and forth to meetings, hanging around the factory gates or sitting in offices filling and squirting their fountain pens.

WELL, that was the situation and believe me it was edgy. Here we were, just a few of us, just beginning to learn the keyboard you might say, and there they were, hordes of them, milling around, muttering about machines—about how if you let one of them in, etcetera—committing small atrocities, actually physically attacking some of the digitals.

I hate to think what we might've done to the poor brutes in a less compassionate age. And fellows, I'm not trying to make excuses for how we handled the situation, but it seemed we had to try all the wrong answers first. We tried handling it reasonwise, pointing out to them that after all they weren't in any kind of poverty; with things so abundant, they were secure for life, as long as they didn't get in the way. Then we tried to handle it sloganwise, pointing out that in place of every job a machine took away it created many more new jobs for other machines. And then we tried fronting all the plants with glass, so they could saunter along outside and watch things going, the little lights winking on and off. That didn't work either. They still wanted to get right in.

That was the problem, as I've outlined it, and we'd tried these various remedies and it kept reading "tilt." Until finally some team got up this B-work idea and came in with it, very big. It may have been the Motivation Research boys—they were a colorful, crusty, inventive bunch. And the more we kicked it around in a committee way, the more logical it seemed—the idea simply that if all these people wanted to work, why not *let* them? Life isn't much without a few indulgences.

We breadboarded the thing over the next couple of months, and it still looked good, and the time came to goose it, as they say, and see if it

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

giggled. So we took and tried it out in a glove factory down in Camden. I was along on that phase, and I tell you that was a day to remember. We called all the old workers back—told them that the automs couldn't handle it, after all; it needed that "human touch." And it was a sight to see them come flocking back to their dusty benches with their hands twitching, and watch them sit down, grinning and nodding, and start in to snip and stitch and inspect and everything, just like days gone by. I had to swallow hard. Of course this was just a test run—all we had for a control was an old Ikon II out in the back room, patiently unpacking the boxes, picking out the threads, refabricating the hides, and looping them back to the start of the line. But even on a mock-up basis it was clear we had something to go with.

From there, you can imagine, we began to implement in a big way. The Development boys took and sliced it into shapes you'd never dream of. For example, for the factory worker there were those marvelous B-series machine assemblies. They were carefully graded, you see, so as to require his absolute utmost in skill and maximize his satisfaction—and once they were safely off the line and out the door, they'd take themselves apart. Then for the office worker there were those endless stacks of B-cards to be sorted and B-reports to be collated and filed—including an occasional crisis when everybody had to work till midnight and go home with headaches.

But I think the thing was the most intricate and exciting up on the top-drawer managerial level, where we worked out that entire self-regulating system of B-conferences, where they would be called to participate in "policy type" decisions, and then issue B-directives which would painlessly cancel each other out.

Naturally, as I say, we had to keep it secret, or a great many fine people would have been disappointed. On the managerial level we did it—and it seemed quite neat at the time—simply by setting up a master code number to distinguish B-group activity from our own Plannerteam A-work, and otherwise letting the distinction disappear. That way everything they did looked to them just like everything *we* did. It preserved their old sense of importance and a man could bitch about the auditors or ambush his secretary in a perfectly cheerful spirit. And as I say, at the time it seemed quite neat.

But sometimes I get to wondering if it was really such a bright idea after all. I guess the thing is, it's funny that an age as clubby and team-spirited as ours should be followed by this kind of aloneness I notice these days, this enervated, dreamlike—I don't know what you'd call it. I even sometimes feel it a bit up here with the others—I wish we had windows—though of course we have our work cut out for us, holding our regular sessions and all. Incidentally, you'll be pleased to know, I've really been talking you fellows up to our boys here at Nestor, and we're all eager to actually meet you and get to know you and have a real skull session. But I should warn you that we have one or two characters among us. There's one gaffer, perfectly sound in his specialty, but he insists we're all being

gently finalized by vitamin deprivation. The man's clearly a crank, though I can't say the mixes taste the way they did when *I* was a boy.

HERE I AM, wandering all over the lot, and I still haven't quite got at what I wanted to say about B-work. Well, just to try and bracket in on it, I'll tell you something that happened, not so many years back actually. I think it gives some idea of the *uncertainties*. At any rate the thing started when I was notified rather suddenly of an assignment switch, to a Geography Team conference down in Bermuda. Something about new atomic thermostating for the Mackenzie River. I remember being a little startled, since I was right in the middle of this other work. But then I figured they were after the cross-rough sort of thing, *my* angle you know, and that's always flattering. So I went quite happily.

Well, in the opening days it struck me that some of my team mates were a little bit square. But of course you get used to that in the best of shuffles. So I thought nothing more—until we'd noodled the thing around a week or so and I'd spent some time in Reference on my own. Then on a Friday morning as we sat there, I began looking around at those happy vacant faces with the most terrible, cold, twisting sensation inside me—they were *all* square. Except for one big grayish sandy-haired fellow. I caught his eye, and *he* was looking around in the same puzzled way. And when the meeting broke up and the others went off for their swim, I caught him in the corridor. "Listen," I said, "have you ever heard of a Busiwork team?"

It was as if I'd wandered up and hit him. He leaned against the wall with the color draining out of his face—a little indignant too, as if it were *my* fault. And at first all he could say was "Oh, no," over and over again; and then he began talking about all the important commissions he'd served—the third stage of Afrogov, Chicago, and Novgorod phases of The Accommodation, Assignment Aspects of Peaceprobe, and so on and so on.

Well, he finally got a grip on himself and within the hour we were on our way out of there. As soon as I hit the city, I went and picked up a couple of my old buddies, and we went down to Personnel and waded in. As soon as I laid the thing out for them, and they heard a few of my Chairmanships and Certifications, you can imagine they began to sweat. And as soon as they got into it, of course, they found the trouble—it was a simple miscarriage of card punch. One card had got a little torn—they went and got it and showed it to me—and thrown off the whole run. Well, I was still sore. And by now there were a regiment of junior operators scurrying around and bleating—for all they knew they had the Cooks and Bakers running

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Indonesia. But as soon as I saw they were honestly shook, naturally I began to calm down. I assured them I wasn't going to snocker anyone, mistakes can happen, and all that. So I went back to the old team, and in the days following I pretty much forgot about it.

EXCEPT that a little later, bit by bit, it began to nibble at me. About this *other* fellow, I mean. The error in my card run didn't explain *his*. Perhaps he was just simply a B-man all along. But if he was just simply a B-man, how did he know what I meant that time? Why was he so shocked? What I'm getting at—was it possible he was now, but he had not *always* been, a B-man?

I didn't mean to think about it, but it would come and bug me in those empty minutes before sleep. What if, as things went on routinizing and centralizing, what if whole categories of A-work men, like that fellow, were being shifted onto B-work? And here was a good man, I knew, a good man, capable, outgoing, group-spirited—what had they done to him? I felt I should get hold of him, wherever they'd sent him, get him and *tell* him. Obviously I didn't have to worry about *myself*. I mean, I'd gone back to real-work. And Personnel would know better than to diddle around with me, the way I was certificated. But that other fellow, when he went there, for all I knew they'd fobbed him off with some excuse and sent him off to more of the same. As I say, I felt he had a right to know where he stood. I almost started out to tell him—but then I said to myself, look, why interfere? Why upset the poor guy? He's probably a whole lot more contented not knowing, and the kind thing is to let him go. So I never got to it. I was pretty busy then, anyway, getting out the old team's report and picking over the many challenging new assignments offered to me.

But what I'm trying to get at, fellows, when you witness this kind of thing—even when it doesn't affect you personally at all, by any stretch of the imagination—I believe it makes you get a new sense of things going on outside of, you might say, the immediate context. And you start relating your own situation—I mean even though I personally didn't have to worry, I began to watch my assignments, always being sure that they looked good, always being sure of results . . .

Look, fellows, all I'm saying is it's time to haul the whole thing up and look it over.

I've had it in the back of my mind these many years, even while I've been at work on the many pivotal matters which you will find in my record. I suppose I should've moved on it before now. But I'm glad now to be in this special strong advisory capacity, to be in touch with you specifically to raise such points and to *know* beyond the shadow of a doubt that you'll get action for me.

I'VE GIVEN YOU the index headings—yes, I won't repeat them. Look it up, get hold of the thing, find out what was done, and be damn sure you find out what's gone on since. It's time for a few definitions around here. I say it very clearly and frankly—you may be in peril *yourselves*.

Erase that. Look, please, erase that. Seriously, of course, fellows, I'm just kidding. I certainly am genuinely grateful for your interest, and everything's fine here, and I repeat, we are certainly very much looking forward here to actually meeting and talking with you real soon—sometime, as you say, when your schedule opens up a little.

Kurosawa's Way of Seeing

MICHAEL ROEMER

THE EMERGENCE of a genuine work of art in an industry as complex and restrictive as motion pictures is little short of miraculous. The film maker, in order to survive, must turn out pictures that will sell. Moreover, the medium itself makes enormous demands on him. He must combine the temperament of the artist, who executes the story in its visual form, with that of the general, who controls every detail in the production—a process that today involves hundreds of people with diverse backgrounds and ambitions. And yet, from time to time, these odds are overcome and something of permanent value is created.

Late in 1956, a Japanese film entitled *The Magnificent Seven* opened at a small New York theater. The story, set in the sixteenth century, is about seven samurai who at tragic cost to themselves successfully defend a farming village against bandits. The night I saw it, there were eight people in the audience, six of them Japanese. The reviewers, apparently bewildered, called it a "Japanese Western," perhaps because there are horses in it. This tag may have killed the picture but evidently drew it to the attention of Yul Brynner, who is currently adapting the story to a Mexican locale. And so, ironically, a version of *The Magnificent Seven* may yet be seen by American audiences. In its original form it is one of the finest films ever made.

We have seen only five films of Akira Kurosawa, writer and director of *The Magnificent Seven*. But this fraction of his output marks the emergence of an artist whose scope, depth, and originality of vision rank him among the handful of film makers whose work will survive the test of time.

BORN in 1910, Kurosawa entered the Japanese motion-picture industry as an assistant director. In 1943, he was given an opportunity to direct his first feature film, and during the war and postwar years he made a series of successful but unremarkable pictures. Then, in 1950, he directed *Rasho-Mon*.

Rasho-Mon, shown at the Venice Festival as a last-minute substitution, was hailed as the best film of the year and became the first Japanese picture to enjoy a successful run in the art theaters of America. The story was notable for its ruthlessly clear-eyed and yet compassionate study of human depravity. The murder of a man and the rape of his young wife by a bandit are recounted in four significantly differing versions: by the wife, by the bandit, by the ghost of the husband, and by a woodcutter who witnessed the events.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

But the true merit of *Rasho-Mon* lies not so much in its content as in its masterful and completely fresh approach to the film medium. Unbound by the conventions that fetter most directors today, Kurosawa explores and exploits every resource at his disposal in order to render the experience more vivid and compelling. The camera moves through the action with an unpredictable freedom—now slowly, now at a breakneck pace, only to stop short suddenly; the camera itself is a protagonist of the drama. The performances have a wildness and spontaneity, the editing a vigor and yet a control, that put to shame most of the work done in the West.

In *The Magnificent Seven,* Kurosawa's use of the medium is bolder still and serves a story of far greater depth and scope. The plot is simple. A village of farmers, beset by bandits, tries to enlist the help of professional soldiers, or samurai. The samurai refuse to work for mere peasants until one of them takes pity on them and with six of his fellows trains them in warfare. After repeated attacks, all the bandits are killed, along with four samurai and many villagers. The farmers return to their planting and the surviving samurai move on—victors in a battle in which they have gained nothing.

LIKE MANY Japanese pictures, *The Magnificent Seven* is set in the feudal past and contains elements of a typical period film: heroic samurai and much sword fighting. But Kurosawa fuses these elements of a simple adventure story into a compelling image of human life. It is as though someone had taken the conventions of the American Western and produced a work of true depth and dimension. The past in this film is no colorful idealization. It is grimy and physical, as actual as our own world. Kurosawa has gone back in time not to escape reality but, one is tempted to think, to find an age in which the meaning of life was still expressed in physical terms and could thus be rendered most effectively on film.

The Magnificent Seven has no single theme. Instead, it creates an entire society, a wide range of character, experience, and feeling. A number of motifs emerge: the necessity for sacrifice without which nothing decent survives, the all too human need for leadership, the tragic cost that must be paid for the survival of society. But the striking thing is the film's inclusiveness. In a medium in which most directors are satisfied if they are able to make a single point effectively, Kurosawa renders a whole fabric of life—youth and old age, foolishness and wisdom, birth, death, love, hunger, joy—the basic experiences of our existence. And he renders them not through a complicated plot but by a masterful accretion of image upon image and incident upon incident, always within the framework of his simple story. Each image in *The Magnificent Seven* at once advances the action and enriches the life and vitality of the work itself. This is film making with all its potentialities fulfilled. Here, in a few hours, a picture of life unfolds that is at once epic in scope and yet compellingly intimate.

Completed in 1954, *The Magnificent Seven* was in production for over a year and cost $500,000, a high budget by Japanese standards. While the cast includes some of the most popular stars of the Japanese industry, their screen personalities are totally subordinated to the demands of the story. The performances are so close to reality that one is not aware of the actors, only of the action. To achieve spontaneity, Kurosawa photographed the scenes with several cameras, each covering a different angle. This made it unnecessary for the actors to repeat, and so deaden, an action with every shift in camera position.

More than any other element, the camera work in a film is the key to a director's vision; it is his style. The great majority of directors think of the screen as of a picture frame, within which each shot is carefully composed. They emphasize the pictorial quality of film. But Kurosawa uses the camera as a means of dragging the audience through the screen into the reality of the action. That is the function of the running shots through the wood in *Rasho-Mon* and of the incessant rain and mud in *The Magnificent Seven.* They arouse a kinesthetic and tactile response in us that could never be produced by the well-composed images that flash before us in most films.

IN THE CURRENT Japanese film festival, presently playing in New York and soon to move on to several other American cities, we now have an opportunity of seeing three pictures Kurosawa completed before *The Magnificent Seven.* Two are early work and, like most of the other pictures shown in the festival, not of outstanding importance. But the third picture, *Ikiru* (*To Live!*), is a moving and extraordinary document of our time and its urban civilization. It is the story of a Tokyo bureaucrat who has spent thirty years mummified in a meaningless job, a widower without any real human ties. When he discovers that he has an incurable cancer, he makes a desperate effort, in the time that is left him to begin living, to make contact with those around him, to give meaning to his hollow existence.

The flawless control and lucidity of *The Magnificent Seven* are absent here. Instead we follow an ill man in his fifties stumbling half drunk through Tokyo night life in search of the women who have nev-

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

er been his. We bear with him in futile attempts to reach his cold son, in a hopeless friendship with a young girl, and finally in his agonized efforts to push through the sterile bureaucracy a playground project for slum children as his small monument.

No summary can do more than suggest the quality and complexity of this film, the agony and the heroic triumph of these last months in a man's life. Without a shred of sentimentality, emotion crowds upon emotion, incident upon incident. The camera shifts from scene to scene in an utterly free and unprecedented kind of continuity. Time itself becomes fluid as the story doubles back to cover events in retrospect. The flow of images carries us through montages of crass and hollow vulgarity in a huge city, through ironically pointless conversations, to the final image of a man facing death—surely one of the most haunting in the history of the medium. The playground has been completed. It is night, and the camera moves slowly past a jungle gym. Beyond it we see the old man, swaying to and fro on a child's swing and singing happily to himself under the falling snow.

ONE CAN ONLY HOPE that in spite of the demands it makes on an audience, *To Live!* will not suffer the same fate in our country as *The Magnificent Seven*. The question inevitably arises why most of the great foreign films fail to get the wide art-theater audience they deserve, while others less deserving play to full houses. In part the reviewers are to blame, for the New York papers can frequently make or break a foreign film. But the reviewers only reflect the audience they serve as scouts, and the final responsibility must rest with the art-theater audience itself.

During the past six months, the most successful films from abroad have been *Room at the Top, The Lovers, Black Orpheus, The Four Hundred Blows,* and the pictures of Ingmar Bergman. There is nothing wrong with their popularity. If they contain little that is very new, they are still far better than most. But there *is* something wrong with the almost invariable rejection by reviewers and audience alike of the truly great films—Jean Vigo's *Zéro de Conduite,* Dreyer's *Day of Wrath,* Robert Bresson's *A Condemned Man Has Escaped,* and others; films most people have never even heard of because they died in small New York theaters. These are not well-intentioned but dull pictures, nor are they highly specialized avant-garde efforts. They are totally original visions of life: vivid, compelling, and deeply moving.

Most films, even the better ones, are more or less subtle rearrangements of intellectual and emotional clichés that we accept as a true image of life. But the great films look at life—as all art must—with an altogether fresh eye, and many of them develop a totally new way of seeing, a new visual language. Bound as we are by clichés, we usually fail to understand this language and so ignore the films.

The loss is not only ours. In a medium that depends on popular support, rejection by an audience has often been fatal to the work of a film maker. Happily, the pictures of Kurosawa are popular in Japan. It will matter little to him if we choose to ignore *To Live!* as we ignored *The Magnificent Seven*. In this particular case we would only be harming ourselves.

The Dark Side of the Street

MARYA MANNES

A SHORT WHILE AGO two plays about Negroes closed almost immediately after they opened: *The Long Dream* and *The Cool World*. But the two failures should not be looked upon as a setback for so-called Negro plays, said Frederick O'Neal, chairman of Actors Equity's committee on minorities.

Mr. O'Neal is only partially right. If he had said that these failures were a setback to a particular kind of Negro play he would have been more right, and if he had said *Cool World* especially was a setback to the Negroes, he would have been wholly right. For although *Long Dream,* adapted by Ketti Frings from Richard Wright's novel of a small Mississippi town, was essentially a far more interesting story than the second play, no amount of excellent production and acting could obscure the central flaw in both: because their protagonists were unattractive, no room was left for compassion, the one emotion absolutely vital for solving the crisis of race. Tyree, in *Long Dream,* is a glib undertaker who finds that the only way he can stay "on top" is to be part of the white corruption that controls his immediate world. By bowing to white venality and exchanging favors for favors, he believes he is building security for his family in a society where no other way is open. Only at the end, when his son is shot while he tries to save his father, does the bitter fallacy of his hope flood in on him. In the meantime the stage is full of evil, black and white; and there is not enough of the decent mother and the groping son to make an audience care for the distinction—important as it is—between the corrupted and the corrupters. Although given one of the best performances of the season by Lawrence Winters, Tyree cannot really be pitied: he is a shoddy small man in a vicious world.

EVEN MORE VICIOUS and far less developed is *Cool World,* where Negro youths wallow in drugs, obscenity, and fornication, and kill

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

each other on the streets of Harlem. It is not enough to lard this putrescent meat with lines like "They make us live like animals—so we act like animals" or to bring in that stock character, the God-fearing old back-country gramma, or the inevitable helpless decent mother. The injustice and decency and pain are indeed part of this jungle, but the hard fact remains that these boys *are* animals, they *are* repulsive, they *are* dangerous, and the audience not only is forced to live with them for an evening but to live with its own guilt. "*You* did this!" shout both plays, "You *made* us like this!"; and the fact that there is truth in the indictment acts less as a catharsis, which is a healthy and affirmative reaction, than as a repellent, which is negative. Perhaps the cripples we have made should be paraded before us for our good, but we are not going to pay for this lesson in the theater. Nor is violence the way to teach it. There is a better way to learn.

THE STAGE is waiting for a play about Negroes who are several degrees further than Lorraine Hansberry's very real people in *A Raisin in the Sun*, soundly oriented as it is. What white people need now more than anything is to be faced in the theater, if not in the course of their daily life, with Negroes of high intelligence and character who refuse to be animals. The country is full of them but too few of us know of them: the teachers at Hampton Institute and Howard University, the civil servants, the doctors, the ministers, the writers, the concert singers, the composers, the poets. It is imperative for us to know now not how low a deprived people can sink—this lesson has been learned—but how high they could rise if we let them. We must meet them eye to eye, feel such identity with them that their humiliations are our humiliations, their fury our fury, their arduous triumphs ours. Only then will we really know what we have done to them and what we must do for them.

But junkies are not going to tell us, or whores, or pushers, or even just plain victims. To use Negroes as shock figures is not much better than using them as fun figures. In the next Negro play we need to meet ourselves.

The Radicalism of Courbet

HILTON KRAMER

THE ARTISTIC *oeuvre* of the nineteenth-century French painter Gustave Courbet marks a turning point in the influence of democratic ideology on styles of art. It also marks the beginning of certain key elements in the tradition of modernist painting. Courbet was a genuine innovator. Twenty years younger than Delacroix and twelve years senior to Manet, he was a radical both in his choice of subjects and in the way he sometimes chose to paint them. Yet his achievement was ambiguous. His innovations often remained at odds with each other even in his own work and they have remained separate impulses in the history of his influence down to our own day.

The irony that presides over the long and continuous history of Courbet's influence is that the whole school of social realism, which is officially supported by the Communist ideology that looks upon modern art

as a symbol of bourgeois decadence, regards Courbet as a heroic ancestor, and does so in the face of the fact that his work clearly gave rise to the impressionist movement and the subsequent development of avant-garde modernism. Less than ten years ago the French Communist poet Louis Aragon wrote a major work on Courbet, and yet Matisse, who came as close to celebrating the values of bourgeois hedonism as any great painter of our time, had three of Courbet's finest works in his private collection. Indeed, there are performances by this extraordinary artist—feats of carefully structured landscape painting, such as "The Rocks of Mouthier" in the collection of the Phillips Gallery in Washington, or "The Sources of the Loue" in the Albright Art Gallery in Buffalo—in which we can practically hear Cézanne shuffling in the wings, waiting to come on: Cézanne, whose late works form the basis of cubism and the abstract art that developed out of it. And still the partisans of social realism are right to claim Courbet as a precursor and a mentor; he himself often spoke (though confusedly) about the political implications of his style.

THE BRILLIANT EXHIBITION of Courbet's work that was shown at the Philadelphia Museum of Art during the winter and has now moved to the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston until mid-April does a great deal to clarify the contradictions that have made this painter's art available to such opposing intellectual systems. The exhibition includes eighty-six works covering the whole range of Courbet's career, from his first pictures, painted in 1840 when he first arrived in Paris at the age of twenty-one and decided to become an artist, to "The Lake of Geneva," painted in 1877, the year of his death as a political exile in Switzerland. The first thing to be said, I think, is that none of these doctrinal claims, neither the social realist's nor the modernist's, does violence to Courbet's art. He is not one of those artists whose work suffers from having conflicting demands made upon it. On the con-

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE REPORTER Puzzle 4

by **HENRY ALLEN**

DIRECTIONS

1) Each crossword definition contains two clues. One is a conventional synonym; the other a pun, anagram, or play on words.
2) Letters from the acrostic should be transferred to the corresponding squares in the crossword, and vice versa.
3) The initial letters of the correct words in the acrostic will, when read down, spell out the name of a prominent person.

A.

11 16 32 47 64 72 81 123 147 55 98

This is what the Acrostician did for some in 23 across in E (7, 4).

B.

15 30 57 142 149 101 77 50 84 119

"Ere twice in murk and_____damp
Moist Hesperus hath quench'd his sleepy lamp."
Shakespeare, All's Well, II, i.

C.

127 82 66 155 87 52 126 36 18 19 60

111 104 136 43 38 114 162

The amphibious assaults of the Seven Years' War, planned by Pitt as diversions to ease pressure on Frederick the Great (8, 10).

D.

102 164 6 9 79 124 109

Senator from the state of the Acrostician.

E.

144 122 103 148 17 24 54 106 89 138 68

Epithet or nickname for Acrostician's bailiwick (6, 5).

F.

117 107 160 145 157 94 100

Astor business.

G.

21 45 61 91 112 130 2 83 40

To impose some influence on thought, speech, or action causing constraint or uneasiness.

H.

4 2 65 153 150 63 34 49 125 116 121

128 28 62 134

Describing an audience which any politician would be honored to address and how he might apostrophize them (6, 9).

I. 41 44 59 146 96 140

"I met him once on the streets, but he _____ away on the other side, as one ashamed of what he had done." Bunyon, Pilgrim's Progress.

J.

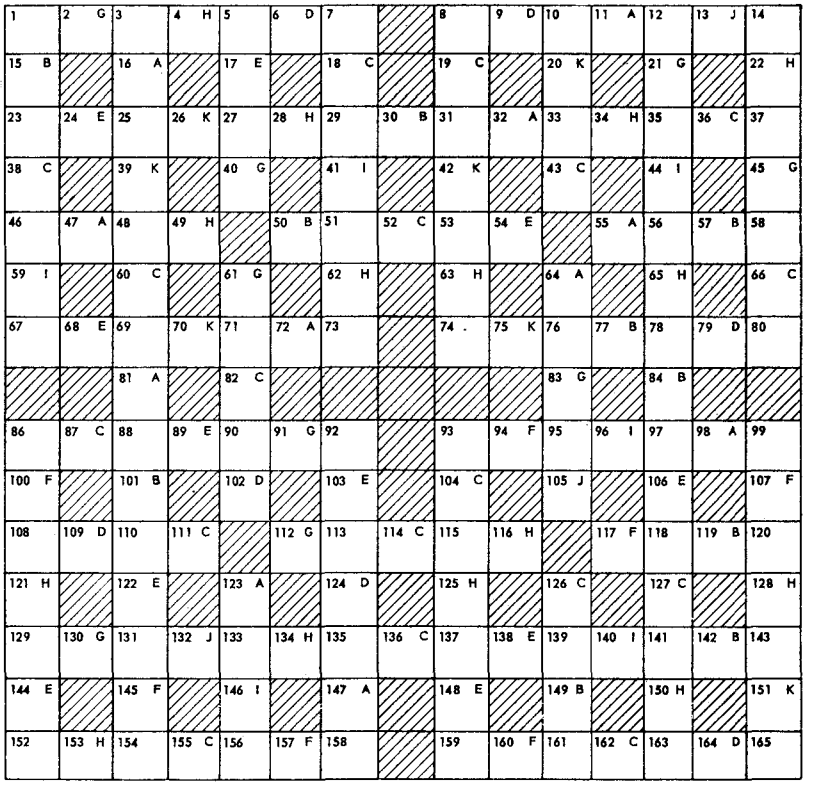
105 132 13

"The birds sing louder, sweeter,
And every note they_____late one another."
Fletcher.

K.

75 39 20 151 70 26 42

Favorite drink in the tropics (3, 4).



ACROSS

1. Short California road can carry this heavy shipment.
8. You step on it, get its purr and hear a command for action at the witches cauldron.
23. Nickname is in political organization important to the Acrostician (10, 5).
46. Traps, from one point of view, gun from another.
50. Parts of forks if altered can hold beer.
55. Cape changes the tempo.
67. Reissues what was old and sere.
74. Trains to a T to get across.
86. Island drink.
93. Pet deer ran out in slang.
108. Seaweed found in slag around beaches.
112. What siren may do to get a man out of her hair.
117. Coating of dirt or mist for camera.
129. Whoever told this falsehood certainly planned to do so, including a future doctor (12, 3).
152. Separate but unite at last.
159. There are secrets to this old-time means of illumination.

DOWN

1. Public official for no 500 on record.
3. All creative writers are, and it is also due Mrs. Peter Dare (7, 8).
5. Poetic eyes or a degree, anyway.
7. They lie on the table, and so I'd lie too.
8. Not an extra thoroughfare in short but most gaunt.
10. Zulu fighting contingent and one legislator in two.
12. What an editor does; scans again all the the's and the a's (7, 8).
14. My pen at reward.
61. Stop! It is stupid before your head.
64. Wet as trash perhaps.
86. Extremely crowded, Little Edward starts with sharp pain.
92. The Fourth Estate influences it, apostrophizing the wing of poesy, apparently.
93. Spic as a place in New Jersey or Wyoming.
99. Mud at best is most silent.
123. So was Leander when he swam to her.
126. Yield that comes from what you sow by sound?

© 1960 by the Reporter Magazine Company

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

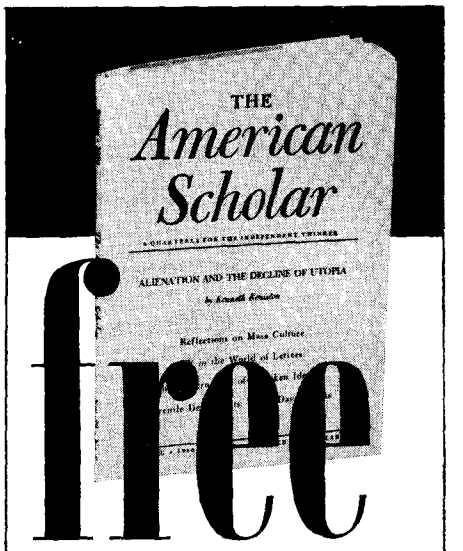
trary, they underscore the deep divisions of his own sensibility that he was never able to unite into a single consistent vision.

Courbet was an artist who gave voice to many new feelings and ideas; he was audacious in his grasp of what new tasks an artist in his time might perform. He insisted on choosing his subjects from life, and on rendering them without romantic flourishes or classical niceties. He came from a farming family in the provinces and drew upon that milieu for his subject matter, which he reproduced with a clarity, affection, and good humor devoid of condescension or sentimentality. In an age of revolution the political implications of this (at first) purely aesthetic decision were radical enough even without the inflammatory political statements with which Courbet subsequently burdened his work. As the result of his meeting the socialist philosopher Proudhon

and of his own outraged feelings at the massacre of the radicals in 1848, Courbet grew more and more doctrinaire about the social meaning of his style, which in truth had had a more innocent origin than that which he was later fond of ascribing to it.

It is important to note that the style preceded the social doctrine, and that it was the product of a prodigiously gifted painter of provincial origins who, though he felt a deep emotional attachment to his surroundings, was without any notable intellectual or visionary endowments, and who therefore decided to trust his art entirely to his own immediate experience. Later on, when Courbet became famous and even notorious—the current exhibition includes an interesting collection of caricatures that hostile critics made of Courbet at the height of his fame—he was at no pains to distinguish between the personal origin of his style and the political meanings events forced upon it. He fully accepted the social role the revolution of 1848 imposed on his art. As the critic Castagnary wrote at the time: "It was the *coup d'état* [of 1851] that forced [Courbet's] realism into opposition. Prior to the *coup d'état* it had been merely an artistic doctrine, afterwards it became a social doctrine; the protest of republican art." Twenty years later, in 1871, Courbet joined the Commune, and shortly thereafter paid the price of his commitment by going first to prison and then into exile.

But Courbet's ideas were not always in perfect agreement with his sensibility, and his practice as a painter was not always consistent with his ideas. There was nothing in his political doctrine that accounts for those astonishing landscapes and seascapes from which nearly every major painter in the second half of the nineteenth century took his cue. The styles of Manet, Monet, Whistler, Renoir, Pissarro, and Cézanne are unthinkable without the particular kind of plastic construction that Courbet lavished on these subjects. As a painter Courbet was a "natural" if ever there was one, and not surprisingly, the pictures that fathered the tradition of modernist painting were not those which could lay claim to any social or political significance. Indeed, most of Courbet's paintings on social themes are characterized by the kind of banality that has been all too evident in the work of his socially conscious successors. Courbet may thus be credited with having set into motion two of the main currents in the painting of the last hundred years, but he must also stand charged with having failed to unite them in a single vision. The profound division we see in the art of our own time, between plastic intensity on the one hand and social eloquence on the other, was a division bequeathed to us by Courbet himself.



free

with a trial subscription

THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR—the leading general quarterly—features perceptive, informative articles on topics ranging from science to painting, from literature to politics. Take advantage of the opportunity to receive a free copy of the new Spring issue by entering your subscription now.

spring issue features

an analysis of our growing alienation and lack of vision, our fear of personal commitment

a warning that the worship of "democratic" mass culture may destroy our heritage

a discerning study of the invasion and corrosion of human individuality

a re-examination of juvenile delinquents, youth who are applying traditional virtues—seriousness, trust and cooperation—to a dangerous code

Also, the Spring issue includes a reappraisal of Joyce Cary's novels; a series of letters which point up the difficulties of communication between the mass media and the writer-artist; poems and book reviews.

Don't delay. Enter your subscription now and receive your FREE copy of the Spring issue immediately.

The American Scholar Dept. K-8
1811 Q Street, N.W. Washington 9, D. C.

Please send me the Spring 1960 issue without charge and enter my subscription for the term checked.

☐ ½ year $2 ☐ 1 year $4 ☐ 2 years $7
☐ 3 years $9 ☐ payment enclosed ☐ please bill

Name.....
Address.....
City.....Zone....State.....

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RECORD NOTES

BEETHOVEN: Sonata in F minor, Op. 57 ("Appassionata"); Sonata in D, Op. 10, No. 3. Vladimir Horowitz, piano. (*RCA Victor*; mono or stereo.)

Horowitz has not given a public performance in seven years, and only occasionally does he consent to play for the recording microphones. This disc—the result of some sessions in an empty Carnegie Hall last year—testifies potently to what we are missing. The playing is pervaded by the spirit of the pianist's father-in-law, Arturo Toscanini. There is the same insistence on clarity, the same rigorous maintenance of tempo, the same headlong attack on accented notes, the same nervous, eye-on-the-next-measure sense of line. This is not the genial Beethoven revealed to us by Artur Schnabel (or by Bruno Walter), but in its own demonic way it is quite extraordinary. The "Appassionata" is the chief item of interest, for the early D major Sonata is an uneven work with a slow movement that seems to go on forever no matter who plays it. However, Horowitz's Opus 57 is well worth the price of admission. Its urgent intensity and fantastically precise articulation will be the despair of every other pianist who dares to listen.

BIZET: *Carmen*. Victoria de los Angeles, soprano; Nicolai Gedda, tenor; *et al.*; Orchestre National de la Radiodiffusion Française, Sir Thomas Beecham, cond. (*Capitol, 3 records*; mono or stereo.)

Despite the universal popularity of *Carmen*, we have had to wait almost a decade for a new full-length recording of it. The record industry does not normally neglect sure-fire sellers; but you cannot record *Carmen* without a Carmen, and distinguished interpreters of that role have been indiscernible in the world's leading opera houses for a long while. Capitol's solution of the problem was to persuade Victoria de los Angeles to learn the music specifically for this recording.

It turns out to have been a very happy idea. Her characterization will not appeal to those who look upon Carmen as a sexy hoyden. But an ill-bred, sluttish Carmen does not accord with the libretto anyway—nor with the essentially reserved and introverted Spanish temperament. De los Angeles portrays a woman of deep passion and surface poise, of explicit but never indelicate allure. The "Habanera" provides a key to her concept of the part; here it is not the usual vulgar torch song, but instead a playful, enticing, urbane avowal of love's transience. For once Carmen emerges as an appealing character. The fact that de los Angeles sings with vastly more vocal finesse than is customary in the part helps measurably to sustain the illusion.

Sir Thomas directs the proceedings with his customary style and rhythmic flair, and the French chorus and orchestra are entirely competent. Thereafter the fountain of praise begins to dry up. Janine Micheau is patently too old to sing Micaela; Nicolai Gedda pinches his high notes unpleasantly; Ernest Blanc is a sonorous but bland Escamillo; and the recording director has done little to re-create the illusion of a stage performance.

No matter. This *Carmen* has the essential requirements: a first-rate Carmen and a first-rate conductor. We shall probably wait a long time for a more satisfactory recorded performance.

PUCCINI: *La Bohème*. Renata Tebaldi, soprano; Carlo Bergonzi, tenor; *et al.*; Chorus and Orchestra of Accademia di Santa Cecilia (Rome), Tullio Serafin, cond. (*London, 2 records*; mono or stereo.)

La Bohème has been leading a charmed life in the recording studio. We have already an embarrassment of riches: the Toscanini broadcast of 1946 (RCA Victor); the superbly polished if undramatic Beecham reading, with exquisite singing by Victoria de los Angeles and Jussi Bjoerling (RCA Victor); the imaginative performance by Maria Callas in the La Scala recording (Angel). Now the first of the stereo *Bohèmes* is at hand, and it too is an altogether gratifying performance. Both Tebaldi and Bergonzi make a better showing here than in their recent *Aïda* recording (*The Reporter*, February 18)—Tebaldi because the *Bohème* sessions obviously caught her in more secure and supple vocal estate, Bergonzi because the lyrical role of Rodolfo is more suited to his talents. Gianna d'Angelo (from Hartford, Connecticut) outdistances all other recent recorded Musettas, and Cesare Siepi is a model Colline. Best of all, the performance conveys a real opera-house quality, thanks in part to the efforts of London's recording team and in part to Serafin's adroitly paced conducting.

RESPIGHI: *The Pines of Rome*. Orchestra of the Accademia di Santa Cecilia (Rome), Fernando Previtali, cond. (*London*; stereo.)

Although critics seldom make the admission, it is often perplexingly difficult to judge the performance of a hackneyed piece of music. If the critic has heard the work again and again within a short period of time, only the most extraordinary reading of it is apt to arouse his enthusiasm. But if he has not been subjected to it for a long while, he may very possibly compliment a performance that is no better than run-of-the-mill. I freely confess to this dilemma apropos *The Pines of Rome*. Until this new recording arrived, Respighi's tone poem had not come my way for several years. Or rather, to be more precise, I had successfully eluded it for several years. I sampled London's stereo version out of a pure sense of duty, and found myself utterly smitten—but whether my delight was due to Respighi's still-compelling music or to Previtali's persuasive conducting I am not certain. The performance, in any case, is thoroughly competent. Previtali does not attempt to overinflate the orchestral effects, and the lean sound of his Roman instrumentalists in this music falls pleasantly on the ear. A more opulent tone in ultra-brilliant scoring like this tends to be lily-gilding.

At the conclusion of the third section of this work, Respighi blends the recorded sound of a nightingale with the orchestra's soft murmur. For this stereo version London seems to have recorded a whole covey of birds. You hear nightingales from the left speaker, nightingales from the right speaker, and nightingales in between. The effect of this ubiquitous chirping against the trills of muted violins is magical. If you believe you have heard *The Pines of Rome* once too often, listen to this.

—ROLAND GELATT

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"EXTRA"
at half price . . .

Only $2.50 for 20 issues of THE REPORTER

You get the real "extra" in the news when you read The Reporter because The Reporter does not simply print the bare bones of the news or repeat the headlines. It digs up the missing facts to make the story whole. It clarifies and puts into perspective the complex issues. And of course, as this copy of The Reporter proves, it always gives you the color, the comedy and the drama of the world we live in.

You can't fail to get *more* out of the news with writers like these:

Max Ascoli
Dean Acheson
John Kenneth Galbraith
Henry A. Kissinger
Lester B. Pearson
Malcolm Cowley
Ray Bradbury
Vladimir Nabokov
Saul Bellow
Robert Ardrey
Isaac Deutscher
Douglass Cater
Marya Mannes
A. A. Berle, Jr.
Gore Vidal
Alfred Kazin
Goddard Lieberson
General Thomas R. Phillips

Less than a penny a day!

is all it costs to enjoy the kind of writing and reporting only The Reporter offers. Remember, you get ONLY $2.50 FOR 20 ISSUES (40 WEEKS).

You can also take advantage of this special offer to introduce your friends to The Reporter. Charge the subscriptions if you like—we'll be glad to bill you later.

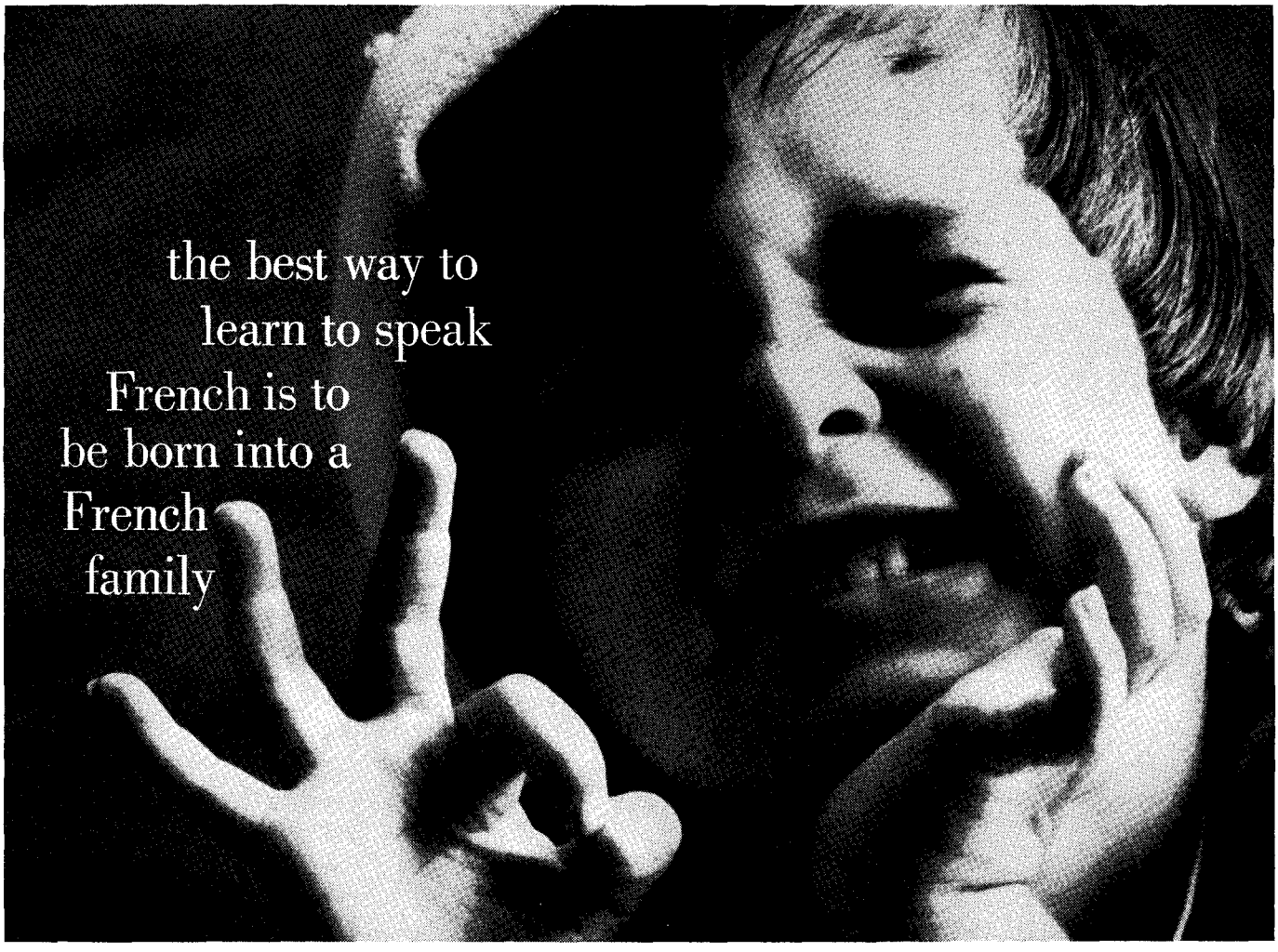
Your subscription—or your friends'—will begin as soon as we receive your order. So start enjoying The Reporter at half price now—mail the handy card opposite today!

Regular Rates: 1 year $4, 2 years $7.50, 3 years $12

THE REPORTER

660 Madison Avenue
New York 21, New York

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



But the circumstances of one's own birth are difficult to pre-arrange and so you're as likely to be born in Peoria, Illinois, as in Paris, France. Assuming that you *were* born in Paris, French would be your native language and you would learn it as a child does—by hearing, seeing, associating objects and actions with sounds, repeating, imitating and, finally, speaking. This is by far the best way to learn any language.

If you are *not* native to France then the next best way to learn French is to simply go and live there. Surround yourself with all things French, listen, ask and learn. This, of course, takes time and can be very expensive.

But if you were not born French and if the prospect of pulling up stakes and settling down in Paris seems remote, then we say in all modesty: *the best way to learn to speak French is at Berlitz.*

The Berlitz Method (and we use the capital "M" advisedly) is very similar to living in France except that it is quicker and more economical. At Berlitz your instructor is a cultured native of France. He knows the language, the accents and the customs of the land of his birth. No one is better qualified to instruct you in French than he is. Right from the very beginning he speaks to you in French—*never* in English. And so you learn to speak French as a child does. You hear, see, associate, repeat and eventually you're speaking French. Sound simple? It is. It's so simple that by the end of your first hour at Berlitz you will actually be able to carry on a simple conversation in French. (You have a great advantage over the French child in that you have an adult's mind and an adult's ability and willingness to concentrate.)

Our aim is to enable you to *understand* and be *understood* in another language. In short, we want you to be able to speak and communicate in another tongue. 80 years of experience and 10 million graduates testify to the effectiveness of the "Berlitz Method". You do not learn *about* another language—you learn the language *itself*, in terms of itself. You learn to "think" in that language. You learn to enjoy that language as if it were your own native tongue. Once you have mastered the basic sounds you then move on to reading and writing. Again—this is exactly the way a child learns. Grammar is not drilled into your head. You learn it through usage and familiarity—*not* as a set of rigid and tedious rules. The "Berlitz Method" is a simple concept. The most compelling thing about it is that *it works.*

If you have unpleasant memories of high school or college language courses—put them away. Lock them in your trunk or press them into your yearbook. There's no place for them at Berlitz. We abhor inflexible routines and we sometimes wish that the word "School" were not a part of our name—we feel that it frightens some people away. Our aim is to teach you to speak another language. We can do it for you enjoyably, quickly and inexpensively. Perhaps we're mistaken but that's what we think most people want.

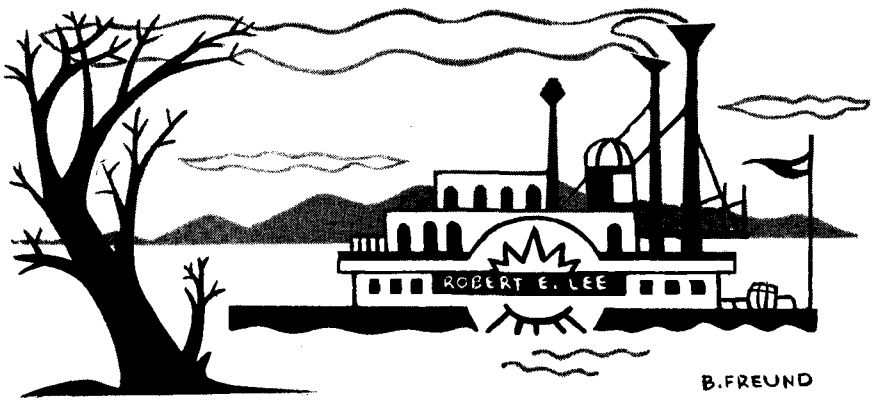
What we have written here applies to *every* spoken language for we teach them all—and from Arabic to Zulu, the "Method" is the same. How long it takes and how much it costs is entirely up to you. Instruction is arranged to fit *your* schedule and a course is designed to fit *your* needs. (An engineer off for the Venezuelan oil fields will need a more specialized knowledge of Spanish than a young couple off to spend three weeks in Madrid.)

Since all Berlitz instruction is tailored to individual language needs, the best procedure for you would be to stop in or call the nearest Berlitz School (see our listings on the next page) and have a chat with the Director. You'll find him to be cordial, informative, interested in your particular needs and, most important, able to help you better than anyone we know. This is enrollment month at all the Berlitz Schools . . . so stop in or call today.

For business or pleasure...people who go places...go to

BERLITZ®

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



BOOKS

The Celebrated Jumping Freud

WALLACE STEGNER

MARK TWAIN AND SOUTHWESTERN HUMOR, by Kenneth S. Lynn. *Atlantic-Little, Brown. $5.*

One should perhaps not object when a book incorporates more than its title promises. But Mr. Lynn's book, which comes to its natural climax in a discussion of *Huckleberry Finn*, goes on to analyze Twain's books all the way to *The Mysterious Stranger* and the despairing fragments that surround it, and in this addendum Mr. Lynn is less concerned with Twain's humorous antecedents than with the theme of the lost Eden and Twain's cousinship with Poe. The result is a breach of unity. There are parts of two books here, the first one better than the second.

When he speaks to the subject of Southwestern humor, Mr. Lynn speaks with real authority and occasional brilliance. I thank him for destroying some of the easy assumptions I grew up on. He finds the sources of Southwestern humor in the colonial situation that brought the educated and genteel into contact with the New World's crudities, and he shows its characteristic figures to be the self-controlled Gentleman and some variety of rustic or Jacksonian wild man. He demonstrates that this humor, acquiring political overtones, was used to build up Southern prestige and for excoriating the rambunctious democracy that threatened Whig moderation and conservatism. Every well-known Southern humorist between 1833 and 1853, Mr. Lynn says, was a Whig, and "no other fact about these writers is so significant."

This is to say that what has generally been taken as good-natured journalism, the delineation of quaint localism, was often a contemptuous lashing of the unlicked democracy. Augustus Baldwin Longstreet, who established the essential patterns, including the frame that allowed the Gentleman to keep his own fingers and diction clean, established also the animus. The gentleman commentator in Longstreet's *Georgia Scenes* was no impartial sociologist but "an outraged editorialist," and the backwoods characters he reported were meant to inspire not amusement but contempt. The creators of Simon Suggs, Major Jones, Sut Lovingood, and the other comic figures seem to have had the same intention.

But as the nation slid down the uneasy 1850's toward civil war, the Whig cause waned and the rustic began to look like an ally. In the sketches he grows more confident as his creators grow less so. The separating frame tends to blur, the meaning and the attitudes may be less clearly conveyed in the Gentleman's language, the rube may become his own spokesman. In Huckleberry

FOR BUSINESS OR PLEASURE . . . PEOPLE WHO GO PLACES . . . GO TO BERLITZ

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND
521 N. Charles Street
PLaza 2-0767
BEVERLY HILLS, CALIF.
321 North Beverly Drive
CRestview 6-1101
BIRMINGHAM, MICH.
159 Pierce Street
Midwest 4-9200
BOSTON, MASS.
30 Newbury Street
COmmonwealth 6-6858
CHICAGO, ILL.
207 N. Michigan Avenue
FRanklin 2-4341
CINCINNATI, OHIO
Vernon Manor Hotel
PLaza 1-2237
CLEVELAND, OHIO
1148 Euclid Avenue
TOwer 1-0950
DALLAS, TEXAS
6141 Sherry Lane
EMerson 1-4224
DETROIT, MICH.
107 Clifford Street
WOodward 2-7788
EAST ORANGE, N. J.
35 Brick Church Plaza
ORange 6-0100
EVANSTON, ILL.
518 Davis Street
GReenleaf 5-4341
GREAT NECK, N.Y.
45 N. Station Plaza
HUnter 7-1661
HOUSTON, TEXAS
2023 S. Shepherd Drive
JAckson 3-7200
LOS ANGELES, CALIF.
2942 Wilshire Boulevard
DUnkirk 7-3131
MIAMI, FLA.
242 N. E. 2nd Avenue
FRanklin 1-3686
MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.
1111 Nicollet Avenue
FEderal 6-8763
NEW ORLEANS, LA.
1209 St. Charles Avenue
Express 4121
NEW YORK, NEW YORK
40 West 51 Street
CIrcle 6-0110
30 Rockefeller Plaza
CIrcle 6-0110
179 Broadway
COrtlandt 7-1112
PASADENA, CALIF.
170 S. Lake Avenue
SYcamore 5-5888
PHILADELPHIA, PA.
121 South Broad Street
PEnnypacker 5-8500
PITTSBURGH, PA.
415 Smithfield Street
GRant 1-0900
ST. LOUIS, MO.
4117 Lindell Blvd.
JEfferson 1-2445
SANTA ANA, CALIF.
800 N. Broadway
KImberly 7-2531
SAN DIEGO, CALIF.
3320 Fourth Avenue
CYpress 8-0490
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.
26 O'Farrell St.
YUkon 6-6257
SAN MATEO, CALIF.
159 E. Fifth Ave.
DIamond 2-6007
SEATTLE, WASHINGTON
1331 Third Avenue
MUtual 2-1242
STAMFORD, CONN.
330 Bedford Street
DAvis 4-9551
WASHINGTON, D. C.
1701 K St. N.W.
STerling 3-0010
WHITE PLAINS, N.Y.
65 Court Street
WHite Plains 6-8389
also:
HAVANA, CUBA
SAN JUAN, PUERTO RICO

Berlitz is the complete language service. If you do not live near a Berlitz School write today for information on other Berlitz Language Aids.

Clip and mail to the nearest Berlitz School

Please send me information on Berlitz Language Aids. I am interested in speaking_____
(please indicate language) R-7

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ZONE____STATE_____

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Finn, not only a superb narrative mask but a fictional creation of the greatest originality, the Jacksonian wild man acquires full dignity and stature.

Twain's first sketch, "The Dandy Frightening the Squatter," used the Longstreet formula in the fullest Whiggish way: a boastful rustic is humiliated. "The Celebrated Jumping Frog" retained the frame, and still posed the gentlemanly visitor against the vernacular Simon Wheeler. But here the boob, pretending all the time to be garrulous and foolish, puts the visitor to flight. And in *Huckleberry Finn* the Gentleman-Rustic contrast is refined into a quarrel between Huck's untutored heart and the heartless conventions of his society. We have come a long way from William Byrd of Virginia, who according to Mr. Lynn was the first to scorn the rube in order to hold fast to his own desperate and exiled gentility. The comic butt has become the hero.

Thus far I am with Mr. Lynn, and learning from him, though he sometimes rides a thesis rather hard. In his specific analyses of Twain's works he rides it even harder, and I begin to balk.

ON THE PROBLEM of *Huckleberry Finn's* composition, Mr. Lynn follows the schedule proposed by Walter Blair: that Twain began the book in 1876, lost interest and put it aside, returned to it and wrote the feud chapters in the fall of 1879, returned again and wrote the first two King-and-Duke chapters in the summer of 1880, and then finally finished it in a burst in 1883. It has puzzled every Mark Twain scholar why his greatest book should have given him so much trouble. Certainly the incongruity of having a slave run *south* had something to do with the difficulty. But even after Twain found, in the King and the Duke, a logical way of continuing the river journey, he couldn't finish the book for three more years. Why?

Mr. Lynn thinks he couldn't because he still had in his memory so nostalgic a vision of Hannibal as the childhood Paradise that he couldn't write up Southern life as he knew it to be. It took, he says, the 1882 river trip plus a lot of indoctrination from George Washington Cable before he could really do Bricksville, Boggs, Sherburn, and the crude and violent habits of the human hogs. I am not persuaded. I do not see that the later (after Chapter XX) pictures of Southern life are much rougher than those that come earlier. The *Walter Scott* episode, the feud, Pap Finn floating downriver in the house of death, are not gentle; and the Phelps farm is surely not a more disillusioned version of Eden than the Grangerford place. Hannibal was Paradise to Twain, undoubtedly, but it had always had the worm in it. Pap in the tanyard with the hogs was as much a part of it as Judge Thatcher in his nice white house. Moreover, Twain wrote his most idyllic picture of his childhood Eden much later, in the *Autobiography*. Mr. Lynn explains this by saying he was "reinventing" his memories. An unfriendly critic might think Mr. Lynn was trying to have his Eden and eat it too.

He is also guilty of building structures of interpretation on a substructure of inference, especially where inference will serve the formulas of loss of Eden, the dark journey, and the search for a father, things which here have a look as embarrassed as nude statuary in a Baptist church. Speaking of Jim's guess that falling stars had "got spoiled and was hove out of the nest," Mr. Lynn says: "The words are sad—and something more. Beneath their poignant lyricism we catch a barely audible whisper of foreboding: Is it possible that the two runaways, like a 'spoiled' Adam and Eve, have been expelled for their sins from St. Petersburg's heavenly nest?"

I think I can answer that question. No, it is not possible. Likewise I do not see Mr. Lynn's vision of Injun Joe as a "haunting" forecast of the slave Jim: the evidence seems to be that both are outcasts with dark skins. And here is what Mr. Lynn derives from the ghost story of the dead baby that floats downriver in a barrel and haunts his guilty father:

"Charles William Allbright in his barrel also calls up once again the infant Moses hidden in the ark of bulrushes in the Nile, and in so doing associates the drama of liberating an enslaved people with the ideas of freedom and renewal of life that the river connotes. At the very heart of the parable there is an even more breath-taking illumination. Charles William Allbright, having lost his father, has taken to the river to go in search of him. In telling us that, the parable tells us things about Huck Finn that Huck himself cannot communicate."

This last sentence I find painfully true. For Charles William Allbright and his barrel are not even in the novel. This weighty parable meant so little to Twain's cunning intentions that he lifted it out of the unfinished manuscript of *Huckleberry Finn* and put it into *Life on the Mississippi*, where it had neither Huck nor a phantasmal father to refer to. It is this sort of "stretcher," as Huck would call it, that makes me wish critics with crypto-Freudian reflexes could be kept out of *Huckleberry Finn* by decree.

WHEN Mr. Lynn speaks about Southwestern humor and its social and political roots, he is contributing to knowledge and is eminently worth listening to. When he gets aboard de raf' for a tour of Twain's dark caves, he is putting his learning and intelligence at the service of one of the least responsible tendencies in contemporary criticism.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Baedekers of the Heart

GEORGE STEINER

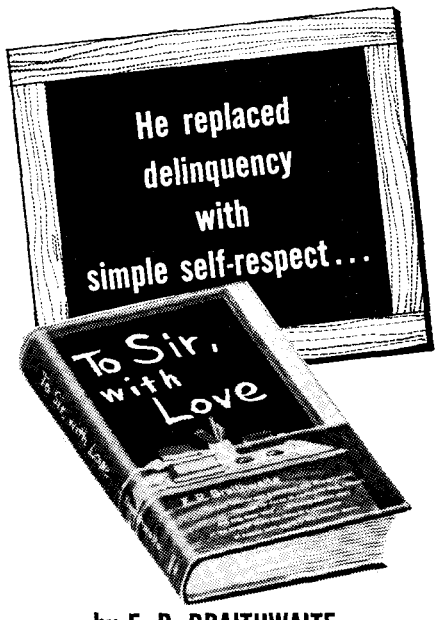
TIME IN ROME, by Elizabeth Bowen. *Knopf. $4.*

The art began with Stendhal: the travel book which is not primarily about the place visited but about the visitor himself. Stendhal made of all landscapes mirrors to his own mood, of all galleries, palaces, and monuments sounding boards to his own voice. We read his *Promenades* through Rome, Florence, and Naples because we observe Stendhal himself casting his special and delightful shadow across the great light of the Italian squares. Being a man of genius, he enriched what he appropriated. No other eye had seen in the drowsy, sun-baked provincial cities of northern Italy all that Stendhal saw—the sinister intrigues woven around social and political trivia, the manner in which the great energies of the Renaissance had been driven underground and were now being lavished on the arts of love. Who, before Stendhal, would have seen *that* charterhouse in Parma?

The next great master is Henry James, who spun around Italian, French, and English scenes the fine mesh of his sensibility. He called it "a sense of place," meaning the capacity of the rare traveler to convey to others both the full vividness of his impressions and also the way in which things seen are transformed by the personality of the observer. James knew that we look at a new city or previously unvisited landscape through the eyes of expectation and of other men's remembrance. He knew that no two minds give to the act of vision altogether the same style. Some of his finest effects derive precisely from this shaping encounter between eye and place: Rome seen in the feverish, premature vision of Daisy Miller; the city of Chester turning even more Roman and shadowy at the approach of Strether in *The Ambassadors;* London suspended like a great glittering jewel in the background of *The Golden Bowl.*

Then there was D. H. Lawrence, probably the best of all travel writers, and a man so charged with life that he gave to whatever he saw a tremendous nervous vitality. *Sea and Sardinia* is the masterpiece in the genre. We jolt across the island in D. H. and Frieda's company, memorably assailed by the smell of goat cheese, the knife-cold of the mountain inns, and the spasmodic clatter of the bus. Before we know it, the whole landscape has turned Lawrentian, spiky, sensuous, and with a constant electricity in the air. Yet though the vision is that of a very special eye, the realness of Sardinia is in it. That is true of everything Lawrence described: "the death-grey *mesas* sticking up like broken pieces of ancient dry grey bread," the "strange, clear beauty" of the Bavarian highlands, and the Etruscan tombs.

THE TECHNIQUES of perception worked out by Stendhal, James, and Lawrence are now generally available, and the literary landscape is full of travelers writing guidebooks which are, in fact, inner diaries, Baedekers for and of the heart. Italy remains the prime object of their visitations. Sicily and its inhuman economic wretchedness are being



by E. R. BRAITHWAITE

Rick Braithwaite started teaching with three strikes against him: he was inexperienced, his students were London's toughest slum children, and he was a Negro. Incredibly, he succeeded where others had failed. The true story of how he did it — already a best-seller in England — is one of the most dramatic and exciting books of the year. $3.50

PRENTICE-HALL

When people get together, the talk is about... ADVISE and CONSENT

The big best seller that turns Washington inside out! $5.75

ANY BOOK

No matter how old or how long out-of-print located by expert staff. "Name the book—we'll find it." Fiction or non-fiction. All authors, subjects. Free search—courteous service—no obligation to buy.

BOOKS-ON-FILE, Dept. RE,
Union City, New Jersey

DON'T QUIT SMOKING

... Before Giving My Pipe a Trial!

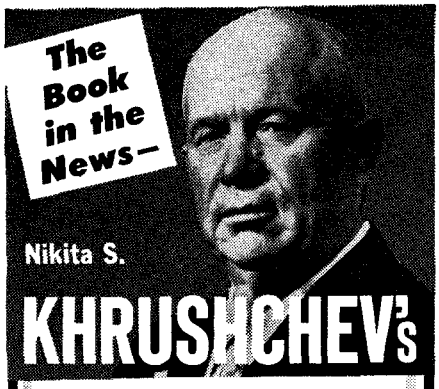
New principle that contradicts every idea you've ever had about pipe smoking. I guarantee it to smoke cool and mild hour after hour, day after day, without rest without bite, bitterness or sludge. To prove it, I'll let you try a new Carey Pipe. Send name today for my FREE complete trial offer. Write to: E. A. CAREY, 1920 Sunnyside Ave., Dept. 213-C2 Chicago 40, Ill.

A postal delivery zone number helps speed your mail!

B certain to include your return address on all letters and packages

C that the delivery address is correct and complete!

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



KHRUSHCHEV'S

For Victory in Peaceful Competition With Capitalism

With a Special Introduction for This Edition by Premier Khrushchev

In his first book published in the U. S., Khrushchev reveals his "Blueprint for the Future" and talks about the most explosive issues of the moment—Soviet science, disarmament, H-Bomb tests, the "liberation" of West Berlin.

A MAJOR BOOK NO THINKING AMERICAN CAN AFFORD TO MISS!

2 large printings before publication.
832 pages. $3.95 *at all bookstores*

E. P. DUTTON & COMPANY

FRANK MORAES

India's leading analyst of world affairs and author of THE REVOLT IN TIBET and JAWAHARLAL NEHRU now tells you in

India Today

—why Gandhi was "one of history's magnificent failures"

—why Nehru was angered by Washington's armed aid to Pakistan

—why Nehru has neglected to build up a younger generation of leaders

—why a strong India is necessary to curb Communist expansion in Asia

Don't miss this readable, courageous, and complete report on INDIA TODAY.

Macmillan **$4.00**

scoured by itinerant novelists and poets (here also, Lawrence led the way). Because there is gathered in Italian cities so much of previous life and observation, they give the writer a springboard. A man need not devise his own keynote for Venice. He can carry on from the resonance of Byron, Proust, or Thomas Mann. The raw material of articulate feeling is immensely present. Wherever the voice strikes, it provokes an echo of more than itself (can one look down from Aracoeli without seeing Gibbon and Henry Adams?).

AMONG recent travelers to Rome is Elizabeth Bowen, in whose art the spirit of place has always had an important role. One does not easily forget the first glimpse of the city in *The House in Paris:* "In a sort of slow flash, Henrietta had her first open view of Paris—watery sky, wet light, light water, frigid, dark-inky buildings, spans of bridges, trees. This open light gash across Paris faded at each end." She gave a memorable vignette of London, 1940: "Soon after blackout we keep that date with fear. The howling ramping over the darkness, the lurch of the barrage opening, the obscure throb in the air." Above all, Miss Bowen is mistress of the Irish setting. Hers is not the squalid, riven country of Joyce, but the Ireland of the dark Georgian façades, the great houses, and the long rains blown in from the sea. It is the land of the Shelbourne Hotel, of which Miss Bowen has written a delightful chronicle, of Bowen's Court, and of the Dublin of *The Seven Winters:* "Every quarter—from where the two cathedrals stand in the maze of side-streets, to the latest ring of growth, where red villas straggle into the fields—has, in fact, got a character you could cut with a knife. The more you know, the more you can savour this."

"The more you know." Miss Bowen is right. To translate into the language of words all the dialects of marble, brick, smoke, and water which speak the meaning of a city requires massive knowledge. Particularly in Rome, where the voices of the scene crowd in upon one with such immensity of past occurrence. Rome is a world because so much of what our world is was here begun, attempted, or given its most stately form. But during her *Time in Rome,* Miss Bowen was not ready to do the necessary cramming. And so the encounter does not really come off. The eye and the city glance at each other but do not meet.

Often the glance is stylish. Miss Bowen has style in her fingertips, and nothing that she touches is left wholly unadorned. She says of the Farnese Palace: "Half a mile long, it has a preternaturally calm look, as though it were its own picture in a book of engravings." She observes of the Forum that the "glare from above, so annulling elsewhere, falls here on nothing it can annul: rather, it gives void porticoes, unequal columns, sagging ascents of steps additional hardness which becomes them." She rightly notes the simplicity of the semicircular portico of Santa Maria della Pace, and the intimate perfection of the piazza of Sant' Ignazio. But on the whole, the vision is dead. It is as if there had fallen over the complex, outrageous aliveness of Rome the quiet chill of an Irish winter.

Writing neither a proper guidebook nor a journal in the ordinary sense, Miss Bowen chose the method of "omnivorous drifting." So did Stendhal, but he buttressed every moment of random perception with exact historical knowledge or the live, buzzing stuff of political and ecclesiastical gossip. When he passes a church he will tell us in the same swift breath of its frescoes and its scandals. He cannot mention the name of a palace without invoking the sanguinary chronicle of its owners. Miss Bowen's Rome is curiously empty. (It is no accident that she dwells repeatedly on the fact that the inhabitants leave the city on Sunday. But even a Roman week has only one Sunday.) Mentioning certain paintings in the Museo Nazionale, she tells us that "they should be enjoyed on a sleepy wet afternoon." And this sense of drowsy moisture seems to have penetrated to the marrow of her stay. "It seemed to me hopeless to make a methodical round of all Rome's churches." No doubt it is, but why should one try when there are so many at every reach to set the mind dancing? Significantly, Miss Bowen

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is best on Roman cemeteries. She writes beautifully of the burial place of the British soldiers inside the Aurelian Wall. But the miracle of Rome is life, and that there should still be such clamorous, sprawling masses of it where there has already been so much.

THIS Miss Bowen fails to capture —largely, one supposes, because she has not poured into the bottle the wine of history. Medieval Rome meant more than Rienzi, of whom Miss Bowen has a dim, romantic notion. "I got to know Rome," she writes, "as a hunter gets to know country." It is a dangerously inappropriate image. To be a hunter in Rome is to follow, at each instant, innumerable spoors.

One ventures these objections with the more courage because one of Miss Bowen's predecessors has written exactly the kind of book *A Time in Rome* might have been. It is, of course, Eleanor Clark's *Rome and a Villa*. Often the two ladies address themselves to the very same object. Nearly invariably, the advantage goes to Miss Clark. Her stairs flow, Miss Bowen's slumber; her fountains play, those of Miss Bowen have a sleepy, dying fall. And most probably the reason is that up and down Miss Clark's stairs and around her fountains run bands of Roman urchins.

In one respect, however, *A Time in Rome* is pre-eminent. Warren Chappell has designed a book whose typography, ornaments, and general "feel" are a pure joy and perfectly expressive of the subject. The American book-buying public pays too little heed to such accomplishment.

Those Who Can, Teach

DEREK MORGAN

TO SIR, WITH LOVE, by E. R. Braithwaite. *Prentice-Hall. $3.50.*

Visitors to England—particularly those who suffer from some sort of discrimination at home—are often enchanted with the fairness of English discrimination, for in London they are all discriminated against, usually with a shy charm, for not being English. There is a hierarchy, of course: the next best thing to being English is to be Scottish; and after that come such extra-insular breeds as French Protestants and West Indian cricketers before we get to the local black sheep: the Irish and the Welsh. Of the two it is definitely better to be Irish, for they come ahead of middle-caste Hindus, while a Welshman is outranked by a reasonably well-spoken Detroiter. But it's really nothing to get upset about, and the courtesy with which the thing is done leaves most of us with a sense of affection for our betters and a happy camaraderie with our fellow outcasts: one touch of England makes the whole world kin.

All this, of course, applies only to those of us who realize from the start that we *are* foreigners. Mr. Braithwaite's difficulty, as he tells us in this more or less autobiographical novel, was that he had not realized it. He was born in British Guiana, and "I had grown up British in every way. . . . it was natural for me to identify with the British heroes in the adventure stories . . . and [while at school in the United States] I did not hesitate to defend my preferences to my American colleagues." When Mr. Braithwaite, a scientist by training, begins to look for a job in London, however, he discovers that he is "British but evidently not a Briton . . . too good for the lowly jobs, and too black for anything better." Nor does he find any consolation in English courtesy: "The betrayal I now felt was greater because it had been perpetrated with the greatest of charm . . ."

THE ONLY JOB he can find is one as a teacher in a "secondary modern" school in London's East End. Most of Britain's children never go to a grammar (or high) school but are doomed at the age of eleven to serve out a sentence in these modern schools until they are fifteen. At best the schools are undistinguished; at

RANDOM HOUSE BOOKS

Ourselves to Know
By JOHN O'HARA. *A major new novel.* $4.95

Two Weeks in Another Town
By IRWIN SHAW. A love story about an American in Rome. $4.75

Hawaii
By JAMES MICHENER. "One novel you must not miss."—CHICAGO TRIBUNE $6.95

Act One
An autobiography by MOSS HART. America's favorite long-run hit. $5.00

The Mansion
By WILLIAM FAULKNER. The Nobel Prize winning author's new novel of the Snopes family of Yoknapatawpha County. $4.75

Where the Boys Are
By GLENDON SWARTHOUT. A novel about 20,000 hot-blooded collegiates whooping it up in Fort Lauderdale, Florida. $3.50

The Magic Christian
By TERRY SOUTHERN. A devastating satirical novel by "the most profoundly witty writer of our generation."—GORE VIDAL $3.00

Now at your bookstore
RANDOM HOUSE, N. Y.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Help means life itself

Park In Sun, Korean, age 5. Parents refugees from north. Father now dead. Two other children. Family lives in shack. Mother earns $3.00 per month. Child always hungry, sad. Has no clothes for Korean winter. Situation desperate. Mother despairing. Help to Sun means life to whole family. Will keep family unit together. Help urgent.

You alone, or as a member of a group, can help these children by becoming a Foster Parent. You will be sent the case history and photograph of your child upon receipt of application with initial payment. Your child is told that you are his or her Foster Parent. At once the child is touched by love and a sense of belonging. All correspondence is through our office, and is translated and encouraged. We do no mass relief. Each child, treated as an individual, receives a monthly cash grant of eight dollars plus food, clothing, shelter, education and medical care according to his or her needs. Your help is vital to a child struggling for life. Won't you let some child love you?

Plan is a non-political, non-profit, non-sectarian, government-approved, independent relief organization, helping children, wherever the need—in France, Belgium, Italy, Greece, South Korea, Viet Nam, and Hong Kong—and is registered under No. VFA019 with the Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Aid of the United States Government and is filed with the National Information Bureau in New York City.

© 1960 FPP, Inc.

Foster Parents' Plan, Inc.

352 Park Avenue South, New York 10, N. Y.

FOUNDED 1937

PARTIAL LIST of SPONSORS and FOSTER PARENTS

Mary Pickford
Mr. and Mrs. Robert W. Sarnoff
Dr. John Haynes Holmes
C. D. Jackson
Helen Hayes
Dr. Howard A. Rusk
Edward R. Murrow
Bing Crosby
K. C. Gifford
Gov. & Mrs. Walter Kohler
Charles R. Hook
Steve Allen
Garry Moore

FOSTER PARENTS' PLAN, INC. R 3-17-60
352 Park Avenue South, New York 10, N. Y.
In Canada: P. O. Box 65, Sta. B, Montreal, Que.

A. I wish to become a Foster Parent of a needy child for one year. If possible, sex....., age ....., nationality.....
I will pay $15 a month for one year ($180). Payment will be monthly ( ), quarterly ( ), semi-annually ( ), yearly ( ).
I enclose herewith my first payment $.....

B. I cannot "adopt" a child, but I would like to help a child by contributing $.....

Name.....
Address.....
City.....Zone.....State.....
Date.....Contributions are deductible from Income Tax

worst they are like something out of Hogarth. I "taught" in them for two years, and from what Mr. Braithwaite writes, his school was not among the worst, but it was bad enough: "They seemed to have no sense of decency, these children; everything they said or did was colored by an ugly viciousness, as if their minds were forever rooting after filth."

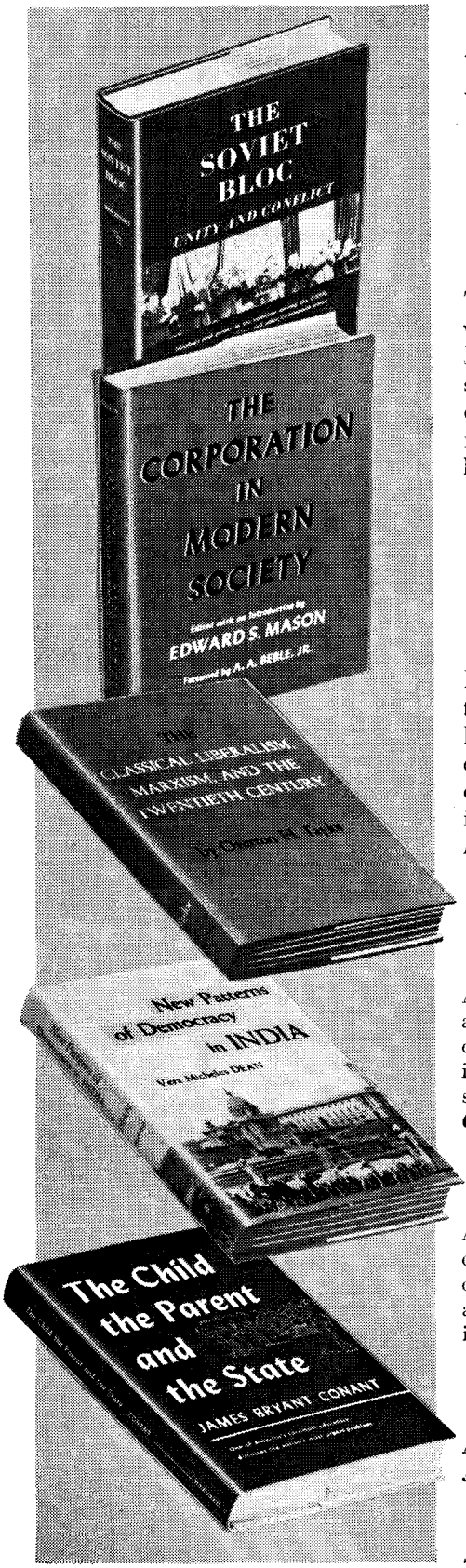
It is difficult to exaggerate the despair a young teacher feels when he first encounters the improbable venom that welds such a class into a single ruthless antagonist, bent implacably upon his humiliation. In such circumstances most teachers become, at best, cynical (some even lose their nerve entirely and emigrate to America). But the good teachers survive even in places like these. It has always seemed to me that they are among the best and most courageous men and women I have met, and this must be so, because it takes more than usual understanding of oneself to understand and love the children of London's bad schools.

Mr. Braithwaite is a good teacher. His private life is circumscribed by the fact that he is a Negro, but he finds his color less of a handicap in school than out of it—for the malevolence of the children is bestowed more or less impartially upon everyone. He devotes himself to his class with strength and affection, and gradually he transforms this septic society into a group of self-respecting young men and women.

Some of the writing is a little naïve, and the transformation seems almost too good to be true, but he tells his story well.

IN ANGER at the slights Negro students from Commonwealth countries receive in London, Mr. Braithwaite at one point exclaims: "Who can predict the end result of a landlady's coldness, a waiter's discourtesy, or the refusal of a young woman to dance? The student of today may be the Prime Minister of tomorrow." He has a right to his anger. Meanwhile, forty children in an East End school are lucky that Mr. Braithwaite *is* a Negro and that he was unable to get a "better" job. And after all, one of *them* may be prime minister tomorrow too.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED


THE SOVIET BLOC
UNITY AND CONFLICT
THE CORPORATION IN MODERN SOCIETY
EDWARD S. MASON
CLASSICAL LIBERALISM MARXISM AND THE TWENTIETH CENTURY
New Patterns of Democracy in INDIA
The Child the Parent and the State
JAMES BRYANT CONANT

Harvard Books Report on...

The Soviet Bloc

UNITY AND CONFLICT

The first expert, unified survey of a significant series of developments within the Soviet bloc: Tito's independence, the Hungarian revolt, the Khrushchev-Gomulka clash, the threatening growth of Mao, and the seven-year power struggle within the Kremlin. Viewed as a whole, and contrasted with Stalin-era stability, these developments portend new maneuverings for power and growing ideological conflict within the bloc. ***by ZBIGNIEW K. BRZEZINSKI*** $7.75

The Corporation in Modern Society

Fourteen experts provide a rounded picture of what the large corporation has contributed to American life and some of the serious problems that its existence creates. The effects of divorcing ownership from control, including the corporation's evolution toward non-Statist socialization of profits, are explored in detail for the first time in this illuminating analysis of big business. ***Foreword by A. A. Berle, Jr. Edited and Introduced by EDWARD S. MASON*** $6.75

The Classical Liberalism, Marxism, and the Twentieth Century

An analysis of the cold war as a conflict between the humanistic tradition and the modern exaggerations of socialism. This concise exposition of the difference in ethical principles between East and West compares the social ideals and liberal institutions of European thought with the intellectual system of Marx and the applied theories of modern communism. ***by OVERTON H. TAYLOR*** $3.50

New Patterns of Democracy in India

A sympathetic view of a government authoritarian in practice, but democratic in principle. The government's avoidance of totalitarianism while coping with the problems of a multiracial, multilingual society is shown as an indication of national progress toward new adaptations of democratic ideals. ***by VERA MICHELES DEAN*** $4.75

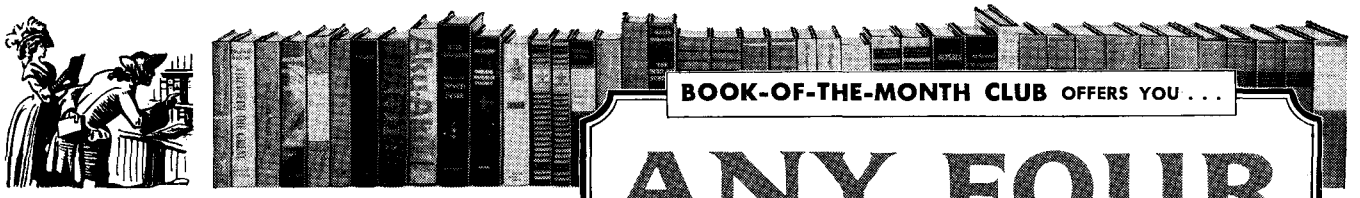
The Child, the Parent, and the State

A frank discussion of what can and should be done for our schools. ***by JAMES BRYANT CONANT*** $3.50

See your bookseller

HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB OFFERS YOU . . .

ANY FOUR FOR $1 EACH*

IF YOU AGREE TO BUY FOUR ADDITIONAL BOOKS DURING THE NEXT YEAR AT THE MEMBERS' PRICES, WHICH AVERAGE 20% LESS THAN THE REGULAR RETAIL PRICES

BROWSE HERE...

for current books you have been anxious not to miss...for other good books you have long promised yourself to read...for valuable sets that should be part of every library...and for practical books needed in home or office.

186. HAWAII *by* JAMES A. MICHENER (Retail price $6.95)

104. ADVISE AND CONSENT *by* ALLEN DRURY (Retail price $5.75)

108. ACT ONE *by* MOSS HART (Retail price $5)

102. DOCTOR ZHIVAGO *by* BORIS PASTERNAK (Retail price $5)

103. THE WAR LOVER *by* JOHN HERSEY (Retail price $5)

188. MEETING WITH JAPAN *by* FOSCO MARAINI Illustrated. (Retail price $8.50)

187. THE DARKNESS AND THE DAWN *by* THOMAS B. COSTAIN (Retail price $3.95)

105. THE UGLY AMERICAN *by* WILLIAM J. LEDERER *and* EUGENE BURDICK (Retail price $3.95)

101. EXODUS *by* LEON URIS (Retail price $4.50)

106. THE YEARS WITH ROSS *by* JAMES THURBER. Illustrated (Retail price $5)

125. INSIDE RUSSIA TODAY *by* JOHN GUNTHER (Retail price $5.95)

107. JOHN PAUL JONES *by* SAMUEL ELIOT MORISON Illustrated. (Retail price $6.50)

110. THE HARMLESS PEOPLE *by* ELIZABETH MARSHALL THOMAS Illustrated. (Retail price $4.75)

111. ELIZABETH THE GREAT *by* ELIZABETH JENKINS. Illustrated (Retail price $5)

113. ANATOMY OF A MURDER *by* ROBERT TRAVER (Retail price $4.50)

114. WHAT WE MUST KNOW ABOUT COMMUNISM *by* HARRY *and* BONARO OVERSTREET (Retail price $3.95)

116. THE COMING OF THE NEW DEAL *by* ARTHUR M. SCHLESINGER, JR. (Retail price $6.75)

117. AKU-AKU *by* THOR HEYERDAHL Illustrated. (Retail price $6.95)

118. PETER FREUCHEN'S BOOK OF THE SEVEN SEAS Illustrated. (Retail price $8.95)

119. THE BIRTH OF BRITAIN *by* WINSTON S. CHURCHILL Vol. I of *A History of the English-Speaking Peoples* (Retail price $6)

120. THE NEW WORLD *by* WINSTON S. CHURCHILL Vol. II. (Retail price $6)

121. THE AGE OF REVOLUTION *by* WINSTON S. CHURCHILL Vol. III. (Retail price $6)

122. THE GREAT DEMOCRACIES *by* WINSTON S. CHURCHILL Vol. IV. (Retail price $6)

123. A TREASURY OF SCIENCE *Edited by* HARLOW SHAPLEY (Retail price $6.95)

129. THE DEAD SEA SCROLLS *by* MILLAR BURROWS (Retail price $6.50)

183. THE CAVE *by* ROBERT PENN WARREN (Retail price $4.95)

185. THE NATURAL HISTORY OF LOVE *by* MORTON M. HUNT (Retail price $5.95)

132. A STUDY OF HISTORY, a 2-vol. abridgment of the Toynbee work (Retail price $11) **Each vol. $1**

133. A STILLNESS AT APPOMATTOX *by* BRUCE CATTON (Retail price $5)

134. THE COMPLETE SHORT STORIES OF W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM 2 vols. (Retail price $12.50) **Each vol. $1**

135. THE COMPLETE WORKS OF O. HENRY 2 vols. (Retail price $10) **Each vol. $1**

137. THE BOUNTY TRILOGY *by* NORDHOFF *and* HALL (Retail price $6.50)

138. REMEMBRANCE OF THINGS PAST *by* MARCEL PROUST. 2 vols. (Retail price $15) **Each vol. $1**

139. ULYSSES *by* JAMES JOYCE. Unabridged (Retail price $4.75)

149. THE STORY OF PHILOSOPHY *by* WILL DURANT. (Retail price $5)

150. STUDIES IN THE PSYCHOLOGY OF SEX *by* HAVELOCK ELLIS 2 vols. (Retail price $15) **Each vol. $1**

151. IDEAL MARRIAGE: ITS PHYSIOLOGY AND TECHNIQUE *by* TH. H. VAN DE VELDE, M.D. (Retail price $7.50)

152. BARTLETT'S FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS Thirteenth edition (Retail price $10)

153. STANDARD HANDBOOK OF SYNONYMS AND ANTONYMS *by* JAMES C. FERNALD (Retail price $3.50)

189. THE NEW OXFORD BOOK OF ENGLISH VERSE (Retail price $6)

190. THE OXFORD BOOK OF AMERICAN VERSE (Retail price $7)

156. ENCYCLOPEDIA OF THE OPERA *by* DAVID EWEN (Retail price $7.50)

162. A CHILD'S GEOGRAPHY OF THE WORLD *by* V. M. HILLYER *Revised by* E. G. HUEY

163. WINNIE THE POOH AND THE HOUSE AT POOH CORNER *by* A. A. MILNE *Illustrated by* E. H. SHEPARD **Both vols. for $1**

GOOD SENSE FOR EVERY READING FAMILY

THE PURPOSE of this suggested trial membership is to demonstrate two things *by your own experience*: first, that you can really keep yourself from missing, through oversight or overbusyness, books you fully intend to read; second, the advantages of the Club's Book-Dividend system, through which members regularly receive valuable library volumes—either completely without charge or at a small fraction of their price — simply by buying books they would buy anyway. The offer described here really represents "advanced" Book-Dividends earned by the purchase of the four books you engage to buy later.

✶ **The four books you choose** will be sent to you immediately, and you will be billed one dollar for each volume (plus a small charge for postage).

✶ **You have a wide choice always**—over 200 Selections and Alternates during the year.

✶ **If you continue after buying the four books called for in this trial membership,** with every second Club choice you buy you will receive, without charge, a valuable Book-Dividend averaging around $7 in retail value. Since the inauguration of this profit-sharing plan, $235,000,000 worth of books (retail value) have been earned and received by Club members as Book-Dividends.

✶ **In the case of multi-volume sets, each volume is to be counted as a separate purchase at $1, unless otherwise noted.**

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB, Inc. A1053
345 Hudson Street, New York 14, N. Y.

Please enroll me as a member of the Book-of-the-Month Club† and send the four volumes whose numbers I have indicated in boxes below, billing me $4.00 (plus postage). I agree to purchase at least four additional monthly Selections—or Alternates—during the first year I am a member. I have the right to cancel my membership any time after buying four Club choices (in addition to those included in this introductory offer). The price will never be more than the publisher's price, and frequently less. After my fourth purchase, if I continue, I am to receive a Book-Dividend† with every second Selection—or Alternate—I buy. (A small charge is added to cover postage and mailing expenses.) **PLEASE NOTE:** A Double Selection—or a set of books offered to members at a special combined price—is counted as a *single book* in reckoning Book-Dividend credit, and in fulfilling the membership obligation to buy four books.

INDICATE BY NUMBER THE FOUR BOOKS YOU WANT

☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

MR. }
MRS. } .....
MISS } (Please print plainly)

Address.....

City.....*Zone*.....*State*.....

Selections and Alternates for Canadian members are usually priced slightly higher, are shipped from Toronto *duty free*, and may be paid for in either U.S. or Canadian currency.

†*Trademark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. and in Canada*

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED